REAL WEST

TRUE TALES OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

50¢ SEPT. '74 CDC 00174

CHARLTON PUBLICATION

JOHN B. CHARLTON, Cavalryman by Choice

Death of JOHN YOUNGER

Tall Tales of MONTANA

Remember GOLIAD

TOM MIX, Frontier Bartender

...and many more

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Is it true the amazing secret of TELECULT POWER

AUTOMATICALLY BRINGS YOU ANYTHING YOU DESIRE...

And in 10 seconds starts to draw Riches, Love, Fine Possessions, Friends, Power, Secret Knowledge, and much more into your life? See for yourself!

Yes, a staggering miracle has happened; A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?•

Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin – the man who discovered it – makes this shocking claim . . .

"Great Wealth And Power Can Be Yours!"

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you . . .

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her –out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time – commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk – and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument – called a Tele-Photo Transmitter – that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody – high or low, ignorant or wise – all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR – SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there – standing before him, as real as life – was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There – smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting– stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument – your mental equipment – requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire – called a Photo-Form – then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

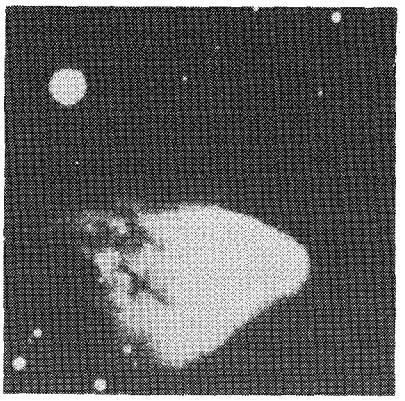
"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,



standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and–for the first time in the history of Las Vegas–walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work–actually revealed their secret thoughts–made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

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The Brand of Quality

Volume XVII
Number 130
Sept. 1974

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AMBUSH AT BLACK ROCKS
By Katherine G. Connable

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JOHN EVANS, COLORADO'S PIONEER ACTIVIST
By Clarence M. Fink

●

O. HENRY IN TEXAS
By Stephanie C. Shulsinger

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SWAN SONG FOR SWAN LAKE
By Marion Thede and Harold Preece

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BLOODY COMANCHE WAR
By Maurice Kildare

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MONTANA TRAIL DRIVE
By Ernest H. Hart

●

I WILL HAVE BLOOD FOR BLOOD
By Norman B. Wiltsey

●

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By James W. Barnard

●

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●

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

OTHER COUGAR HUNTERS

Dear Sir:

In your December 1973 REAL WEST you had a story of Dave Lewis and his experiences hunting cougars. I know of a few more cougar hunters in the northwest who were equally as famous as Lewis. One was E.L. "Cougar" Stone who hunted cougars in the Lake Chelan and North Central area of Washington state between 1890 and the early 1900's. He was a government trapper and caught between 900 and 1000 "Big Cats" in his lifetime. I believe he is buried in the vicinity of Raymond, Washington. Another well-known "cat" hunter was "Cougar Pete" Peterson, who also hunted this area in later years.

He didn't get as many as Stone or Lewis, but he became well known when he hunted down the cougar that killed a little boy in the early 1900's near Maloot in Okanagan County, Washington. Another was the late Bill Hildebrand of Oganagan, Washington, who hunted cougars before he became county sheriff. I believe he helped hunt down the killer of the young boy along with "Cougar" Pete Peterson and neighboring ranchers. Bits of clothing were found in the big cat's stomach which confirmed that it was the one which killed the boy.

In the early days of Idaho there was a government trapper named "Beaver Jack" who lived with his Indian wife, "Maggie", in a camp along the Locsha River between Lewiston, Idaho and Missoula, Montana in the Bitter Root Mountains. One day he shot a deer for "campmeat" and cut off part of it to take back to camp. When he failed to show up that night, some government surveyors went looking for him. They found him dead under a large pine tree where he had been killed in a battle with a cougar. It is believed the cougar smelled the freshly killed deer meat and thought it was attacking a deer, but nobody knew for sure. There is still a place along the Locsha River called "Maggie's Bend" named after his Indian wife.

Sincerely,
Walt Thayer,
Wenatchee, Washington 98801

CONFEDERATE GOLD CACHE WAS FOUND

Dear Editor:

Back in the late 1800's a fellow by the name of Burl Lewis came to Texas and settled in Comanche on a 400-acre farm, 6miles south of the town. He came from Wilkes County, Georgia and said somewhere on his place was buried $200,000 in gold. Well, in 1968 it was found and dug up according to what Mr. Lewis said, and there is no record in Texas of a robbery there. It definitely ties in with Mr. LeGaye's article.

Sincerely,
Tom Knight,
General Delivery,
Salmon, Idaho 83467

A LETTER FROM HUNGARY

Dear Sirs:

I must ask you please excuse me that I venture to bother you with my letter from a so far country as Hungary. But as a Hungarian enthusiast of your Wild West, western stories and Indians, I take very interest in your REAL WEST magazine. I would like to ask you of the favour, to be so very, very kind and please send me a copy of your REAL WEST Magazine or, of any other magazines or reviews connected with your West and American Indians.

Sorry, here are unavailable these magazines of yours at the present time, and therefore I'd be so very pleased if you could help me on this line and I would be very very grateful to you.

Yours very sincerely,
Aurel Rosta,
8000 Szekesfvar,
Lenin — U.51. Hungary

We have sent Mr. Rosta a number of copies of Real West. Others are welcome to send some also.

AUSTRALIA ENJOYS REAL WEST

Dear Sir:

Owing to a very limited living allowance, I am unable to buy REAL WEST very often. But I do read and enjoy the stories of the history of America, especially concerning General George Armstrong Custer. I collect any articles I can about him and the famous "Little Big Horn". Please keep up the good work. Your magazine is a good seller here in Australia.

Yours truly,
Mrs. B.E. Templeman,
163 Harvey Road,
Elizabeth Grove, South Australia

RAREY WAS GREAT HORSEMAN

Dear Sir:

Just wanted to write and thank you and Glenn Shirley for your article on John Solomon Rarey. Having been born in Hocking County, Ohio, I was very interested as my father, Charles F. Kreider, used to tell us stories about Rarey and the great horse, Cruiser. Mr. Rarey saved many a poor horse from abuse from brutal men. Our family loved beautiful horses and we children loved to hear our father tell us stories. Thank you very much for printing this one.

Since moving out West I have greatly enjoyed REAL WEST. Thank you for good and interesting reading.

Respectfully yours,
Mary Kredier St. Clair,
3434 E. Valencia Ave.,
Tucson, Arizona 85716

WADES-IN-THE-WATER

Dear Editor:

I failed to notice W. Wade's request in the October, 1973, REAL WEST in regard to Wades-In-The-Water but did notice Mr. Thayer's reply in the March issue, 1974 which I recently received.

Mr. Thayer is right in saying there was a Julia Wades-In-The-Water, but I believe her father, Wades-In-The-Water was far better known than was his daughter.

Wades-In-The-Water (1871-1947) was the son of Chief Running Crane, and it is of record that Wades-In-The-Water was the last, or one of the last Pikuni (Piegan) Indians to take a scalp. He was for many years chief of the Indian Police on the Blackfeet Reservation. He was also very active in the ceremonial religion of the Pikuni and was the owner of an elaborate Thunder medicine bundle which was only opened once a year at the first sound of thunder in the spring.

(continued on page 53)

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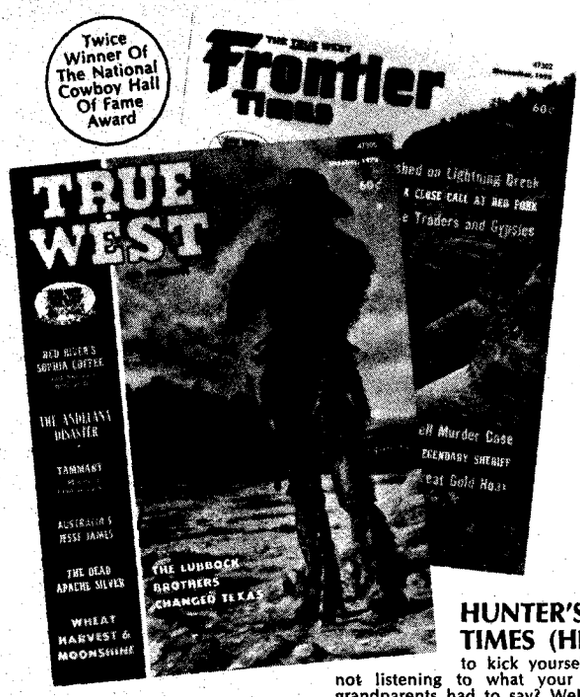
TO HECK WITH BAD NEWS!



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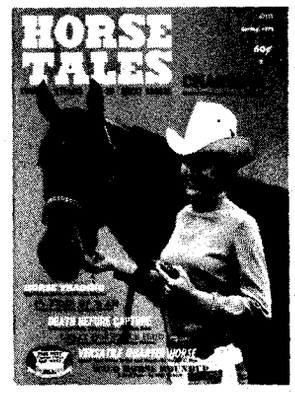

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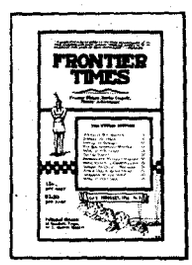

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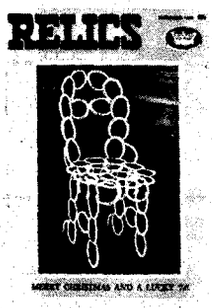

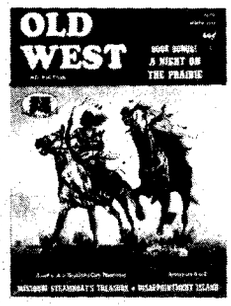

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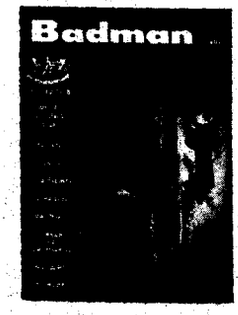

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The Dramatic Ride Of TUK-A-BA-TCHE-MIKO

By B. Moando

Late in the Civil War, Confederate leaders conceived the plan of enlisting the Western Indian tribes in their war against the North. To unite the tribes, they needed the fastest, strongest messenger they could find. The young Creek brave, Tuk-A-Ba-Tche-Miko was that man.

He stood on a hill and watched the orange sun sink into the earth to rest so it could rise again in the morning, refreshed and filled with light and warmth for the new day. This the legends of his people had taught him. He was young, slim and well muscled, a fine horseman and possessing great endurance. He was a Creek warrior, but his people were at peace and there was no challenge that could test his many virtues as a young warrior.

Behind him his pony nickered softly, and the Creek turned his head toward the west where the stirring of dust made a moving cloud across the ground. Soldiers. For many moons soldiers had been moving, and the elders of the tribe spoke of a great war between the Whites and much killing. They spoke, too, of warrior tribes attacking White ranches, farms, even towns. These things he had heard, but his people were at peace and so he was not a part of the deadly upheaval that rocked so much of the country.

His thoughts brought excitement to him, a quick flowing of blood through his veins, a wish that somehow he could become a part of the events that seemed to swirl around him ... but at a distance, never touching him or his people, never relieving the calm, the monotony of existence. He had no way of knowing, of course, that soon the finger of fate would point to him and that he would be chosen to play a dramatic role as the Civil War reached its climax.

The name of the young Creek warrior was Tuk-A-Ba-Tche-Miko.

The armies of the North and the South were locked in a deadly struggle for supremacy. The enmity between pro- and anti-slavery elements had reached such bitter, angry and terror-stricken heights beforehand that the bloody and terrible war in which they engaged had been inevitable. As the fighting intensified and continued, every man was needed by both the Yanks and the Confederacy.

The blue-coated army contingents that had kept the Indian tribes of the West and Southwest at bay had been recalled to fight this other, greater war, the terrible war of American against American, brother against brother. Army posts and Army forts had been practically stripped, some even abandoned; and the tribes, long seething against the steady encroachment of Whites and seeing their way of life destroyed or distorted, daubed their faces with war paint and unleashed their unbridled fury against their enemy, the White Man.

A newspaper in Arizona reported an attack upon the town of Tubac by Apaches led by Cochise. "...since the withdrawal of the garrison troops the chances against life have reached the maximum height. Within but six months nine-tenths of the whole male population have been killed off, and every ranch, farm and mine in the country has been abandoned..." The Apaches were savagely retaliating for the murder of their great chief, Mangus Colorados. This article in the *Arizonian* was published on August 10, 1861.

In 1862 the famous Sioux warrior, Little Crow, called upon other Sioux chiefs to join him in a war - to - the - death on the frontier. The powerful chiefs, Standing Buffalo and Red Iron, joined him with their armies of eager and bloodthirsty young warriors. The New Ulm massacre took place. Brevet Major General H. H. Sibley took command of a civilian force and somehow shaped it into a fighting force that faced and fought the Sioux in bitter engagements.

The Whites in Colorado Territory, in towns and settlements, had been under constant harassment by the Indians. In Denver it was suicide to move beyond the city's limits. Colonel John Milton Chivington, a native of Colorado, was one of the Union's military geniuses. It was he who descended the eastern ride of Apache Canyon with his men by leather ropes during the night, an extremely difficult feat, and destroyed the Confederate supply base at Santa Fe on March 27, 1862. This loss to the Confederacy was one of the direct causes, when examined in retrospect, for the Confederates' ultimate defeat. (The battle of Santa Fe has often been referred to as "The Gettysburg of the Southwest".) Meanwhile, the South realized that their resources were running out. They desperately needed gold, and they turned to the gold fields of Nevada, California, Colorado and Arizona. But the Confederacy was balked at every turn by the North and had to retreat without the much needed gold.

Meanwhile, Chivington's ability as a soldier was recognized by his superiors, and he became very much aware of the deadly plight of all White people in the West. He requested that his command be converted into a cavalry command and that he be allowed to protect the people from the deadly Indian raids that were decimating the Whites and bringing the Indians to greater boldness. A dedicated army man, he deplored the razing of army posts and forts by the rampaging Redskins and considered it his absolute duty to strike back. With his mounted command Chivington took the field, constantly fighting the raiding Cheyennes, Arapahos, Sioux and Kiowas. But he could not cover the whole frontier, and by 1864 every rancher along the South Platte had been killed and burned out. Freighters would not move their wagon trains, for they knew it was suicide; Denver and surrounding areas were cut off from needed supplies. Flour became so scarce an item that it sold for $45 a sack in Denver. Whole families of Whites, farmers and ranchers who lived away from the towns, were horribly

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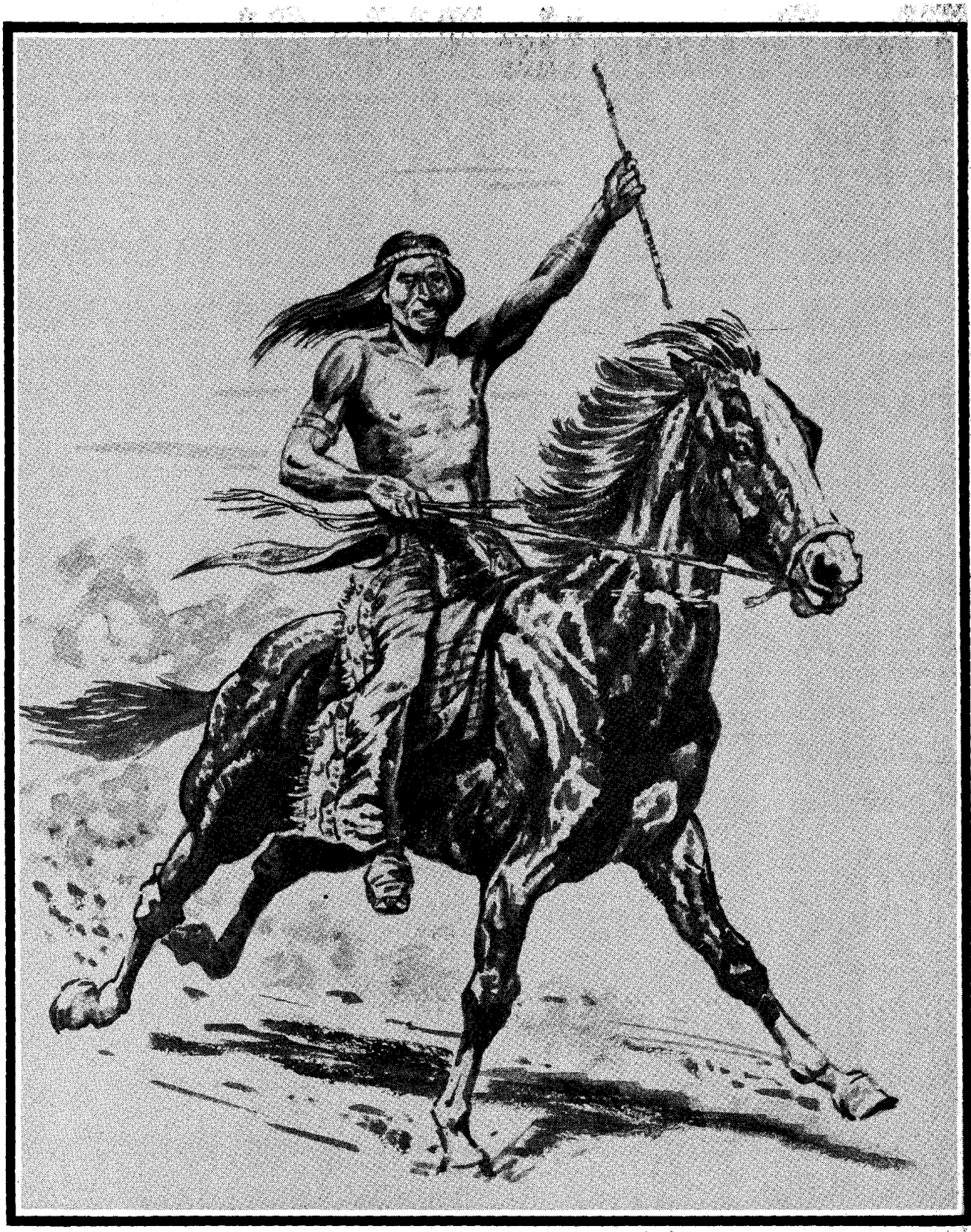

Sketched by the author

Tuk-A-Ba-Tche-Miko, the young Creek warrior, made one of the most fantastic rides ever recorded, an achievement unique in the annals of the West, a ride that could have changed the outcome of the Civil War. When his ride was completed, he had summoned 20,000 Indians to a great council with prominent men of the Confederacy.

massacred by the red men.

Colorado's Governor Evans pleaded with Washington for help, but help was denied. The war was roaring to a bloody close, with the Confederate army reeling and tattered, desperate and without hope. But there were yet a few men of the Confederacy who would not give up, who schemed and looked for one last chance that could lift them to either victory or an honorable conclusion to the war, an end that could give them a better bargaining position. These were the same Southerners who had sought and failed to take the gold fields of Colorado, California, Nevada and Arizona, and it has been said by many historians that, had they succeeded in that endeavor, the war would not have ended at Appomattox.

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Little Crow, a famous Sioux Warrior Chief, called upon other Sioux Chiefs to join him in a war-to-the-death on the frontier.

Once again these gentlemen of the South turned their eyes and their hopes toward the West and, unknown to him, the time of importance, of greatness, was coming for the young Creek warrior, Tuk-A-Ba-Tche-Miko.

They met in secret conclave, men of position, of wealth and political power in the Confederacy of Southern States, men, too, of the military, but without their uniforms, dressed instead in mufti. They were desperate as their cause now was desperate, and as they spoke, other events were shaping the destiny of the West.

Chivington's command had been sent to Sand Creek to attempt to reopen communication channels that had been cut off by the Indians. He was joined at Fort Lyons by the First Colorado Cavalry under the command of Major Scott Anthony. They came in sight of Black Kettle's camp on the Big South Bend of Sand Creek. Negotiations had gone on before this with the Cheyenne Chief, and Black Kettle had declared himself at peace with the White Men and agreed to an exchange of prisoners. The Cheyenne had raised an American flag in the center of the camp to prove his good faith and peaceful intentions.

Standing Buffalo joined with Little Crow and was one of the leading Chiefs when the New Ulm massacre took place in Minnesota.

Suspicious of Black Kettle's intentions, Chivington gave the order for a detachment of Bluecoats to ride ahead and cut off the horse herd of the Indians from the camp. This was a grave mistake, for no Indian will remain quiet while his ponies are taken from him. Chivington knew the Indian mind and had been fighting them for some time, so it is not beyond the realm of possibility that he deliberately prodded the Cheyenne into firing at the detachment so that he could create an incident that demanded retaliatory fire and full-scale battle.

The ruse succeeded. The Cheyenne, seeing that their pony herd was being cut away from the camp, shot at the detachment. The soldiers shot back and both sides were soon engaged in a pitched battle. Chivington brought a pair of howitzers up and bombarded the camp. The Indians had not been prepared for hostilities and, cut off from their ponies and with no adequate shelter to form a bulwark between them and the Bluecoats, they found no escape from the rain of lead and steel. Almost 700 men, women and children were killed in the camp before the firing ceased. The battle was promptly labeled a "massacre", and as an end result, Chivington faced court-martial and resigned his commission in 1865. (Chivington went into the freighting business and subsequently died in 1894. The "Sand Creek Massacre" became as controversial as Custer's defeat at the Little Big Horn. The Congressional Investigation of the incident, published in 1867, is a confusing melange of charges and countercharges covering 700 pages with fine print.)

Throughout the West the tribes screamed for revenge. Only blood would wipe out the dishonor of the Sand Creek Massacre. And when news of the killing at Black Kettle's village was made known to the men of the Confederacy who were secretly meeting, their eyes lighted and their purpose strengthened, for this was the spark they had waited for, the spark that would be the beginning of a great conflagration.

They ticked off the basics of their plan on eager fingers: 1. It had always been the Bluecoats, the Union soldiers, who had fought the Indians, so it was the Union the tribes hated; 2. Controlled and activated by good military minds, the tremendous fighting ability of the Indians would be a force that could sway the tide of any battle; 3. The Confederacy and the combined western tribes must fight shoulder to shoulder or both would be destroyed by the Northern armies.

There were two gentlemen of the South at the meeting who did not like the plan. They had seen the after effects of savage, Indian warfare and did not wish to take the responsibility for primitive vengeance. But the majority prevailed.

"We must find a way of reaching all the western tribes and call for a high council of all of them. Once the council meets, we must fire them with purpose and fashion them into a striking force comparable to none other. No White man can accomplish this task of reaching all the tribes. We must find an Indian, one of great endurance, purpose, and skill as a horseman." They decided that a Creek should be chosen as the emissary of the Confederacy. The Creeks were peaceful people who were not at war with either the Whites or any of their own Indian tribes, and they were respected by their people. A council was held with the Creek high chiefs and, after consideration, a young warrior was summoned.

"This is Tuk-A-Ba-Tche-Miko. He is young and very strong and fleet of foot. He has the endurance of the wolf and is the best horseman in the tribe," the Chief said, "Speak to him of this which you have spoken of to me. He will do as you wish."

The young Creek was told what he must do. Excitement stirred him. At last he was to become a part of the big things that were happening all around him. He would become a big man, a Chief, and all would look up to him as a leader. From his ponies he selected two of his best, hunting ponies of fleetness and endurance. The tribes he must contact were named to him; all were to send emissaries or come to a great confab at the end of April. The young Creek would send back, with each one of the tribes he contacted, a small group of sticks notched to represent the tribe, their number and location.

So began the dramatic ride of Tuk-A-Ba-Tche-Miko.

He journeyed north first, there to contact the Osage and Pawnee Nations. Mountain snows melted and made some of the rivers almost impassable. He had to hide from the Bluecoats and also from wild, raiding bands of his own people whose tempers were not predictable. His first pony finally gave out and he switched to his second mount. With a

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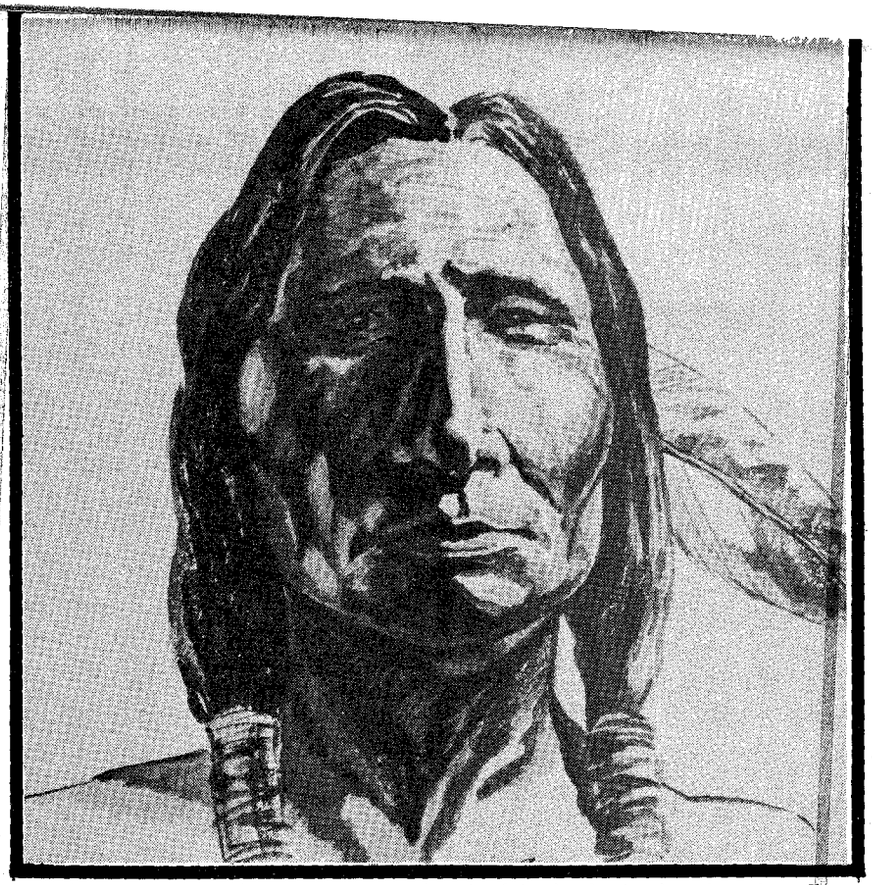
young brave from the Osage camp and another from the Pawnees he sent back his notched sticks. Then he turned southwest to the camping grounds of the Pottawatomies, Iowas and Kickapoos. He traveled light, carrying small leather bags of corn and pemmican, a knife, braided throwing rope, and a hunting bow with arrows, flint and steel for fire making. He ate and slept little. Time was his enemy, and he drove himself onward.

In Comanche country his second pony gave out and he crossed the great plains on foot, at a lope. The Comanches gave him another pony, and he rode on to the Wichita camp and then to the Kiowas and into the desert area of the savage Apaches. Several times he was shot at and chased by parties of mounted White men enraged over the savage Apache slaying of a farm or small ranch family. In their fury over the mutilation and death of friends, all Indians were suspects and targets for their guns. The young Creek was once slightly wounded in such an encounter and hid from the searching bands for two days, meanwhile tending and healing the wound he had taken.

He had found no place to hide his pony during this episode, so he turned it loose. Once again he continued his journey on foot. By this time he was as lean as a prairie wolf, a human machine built to move and keep moving. He headed north again to contact the Arapahoes and Southern Cheyenne. On the plains he stalked a herd of wild horses, picked one that looked as though it had speed and endurance, crawled with great patience through the grass, stalking it, and finally threw his braided rope and captured it. He rode as it bucked and squealed wildly, until he had subdued it and mastered it.

Into Texas he rode, changing mounts at the Indian encampments when necessary, and crossed the Panhandle to hold council with the Northern Cheyenne, Navajos, Mescalero Apaches, Unkpapas, Yankton and Teton Sioux. And the notched sticks came back to the base camp, telling their story of his incredible journey. Study a map of our western states, and only then will you be able to appreciate the fabulous journey made by Tuk-A-Ba-Tche-Miko in less than six-months time. Finally this most dramatic and little-known episode of the War Between The States in the West came to a close, and 20,000 Indians, one of the biggest group in the Southwest ever to meet



Sketched by the author

Artist's portrait of Black Kettle, Cheyenne Chief. He had raised an American flag in the middle of his encampment to indicate his peaceful intentions but Colonel Chivington provoked a fight and when the battle ended, it was called the "Sand Creek Massacre"; it laid the foundation for the Confederate plan and the ride of Tuk-A-Ba-Tche-Miko.

in council with the Whites, held a Great Meeting, or Pow-Wow, on the banks of the Washita River.

The time was May 1, 1865.

The West did not know of Appomattox and that Lee had surrendered on April 9, Palm Sunday.

While the gentlemen of the Confederacy prepared to go to the council meeting grounds, a rider slammed up on a lathered, staggering horse, threw himself from its back and rushed into the house.

"The South has surrendered. Lee handed over his sword ... last month. We ... we've been defeated and ... and all is lost."

At first they couldn't believe it, and when they did, tears coursed down their cheeks and they sank into chairs in utter despair. All that they had fought for those long years, a specific way of life and a philosophy of living peculiar to the South, was gone, vanished with defeat, and for awhile it was too much for them to bear.

But 20,000 red men waited for the council to begin, a council that would now have no point or purpose. But a few of the men rallied, particularly those who had been opposed to the premise upon which the council had been called at the beginning. The war was over, they argued, the Indians were here and the opportunity must not be wasted. The West and Southwest needed peace with the Indians, for many of the proud gentlemen of the South would migrate West to begin life anew, to bring their way of life to the West. They and the other Whites must be protected from the savages.

So the council met and the Indians who had gathered there, after much speech-making, signed new treaties and agreed to quit raiding and killing and to allow peace to descend on the bloody frontier. They kept their promise, with the exception of occasional atrocities fanned by old enmities, and there was a measure of peace in the West for many years.

The initial reason the Confederacy had for calling the council together was hidden for many years, and all papers written about these motives had been destroyed. But a word here and a remembrance there gradually over the years, built into the realization of the basic reason for the meeting. Many historians either do not believe that this reason existed at all, or ignore the possibility and write only that the premise of the council by the Confederacy was to bring peace to the frontier.

Whether this is so or not, the fantastic ride of Tuk-A-Ba-Tche-Miko is without parallel in the history of the West. ● **RW**

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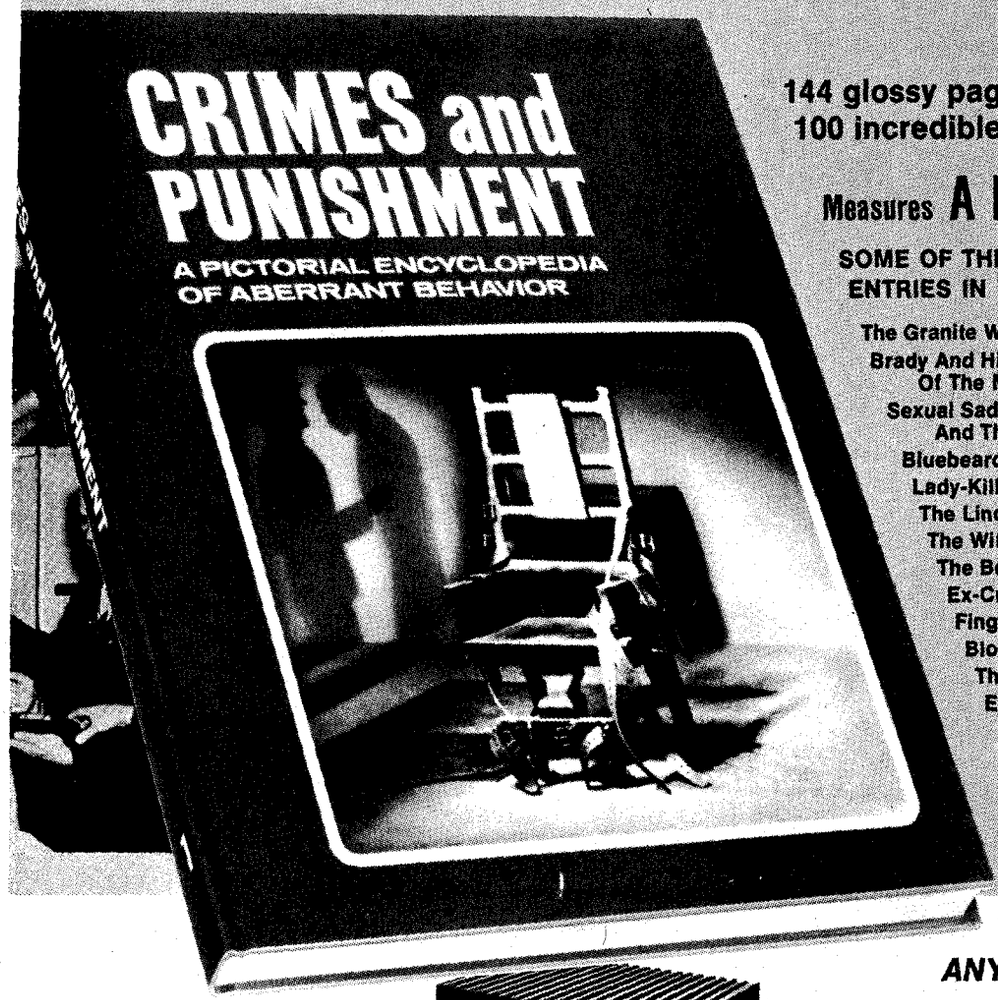

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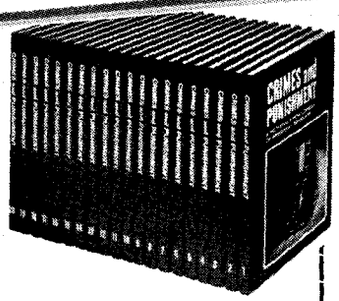

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TOM MIX FRONTIER BARTENDER

One of the first and most famous he-men heroes of Hollywood, Tom Mix was even more rugged and adventurous in real life. He wasn't as pure of heart as the Hollywood press agents made him out to be but he may have been even tougher than his movie image!

By Sam Henderson

Courtesy John Marimonde, Los Angeles

Tom Mix from a scene from his many movies.

The news left Guthrie, Oklahoma's territorial capital, dumbfounded. There'd just arrived in town "a damn Yankee from Pennsylvania" who boasted himself able "to out ride, out fight, out drink, and out shoot any and all of you gol' darn frontiersmen." Loudly and proudly he boasted.

"Who the hell is he?" one ranchman demanded of another.

"I dunno. He looks like Jesse James."

"Yeah. With them two big guns."

"He dresses like Buffalo Bill."

"And prisses like Annie Oakley."

Then both ranchmen bellowed out in laughter. They made the street ring with their guffaws. They intended having great fun at the expense of this tenderfoot.

And so all over town the news flowed. This stranger, with no more than a simple appearance, had succeeded in setting the frontier back on its heels. Guthrie had seen nothing like him since the last showing of Buffalo Bill's Wild West show. He wore cowboy regalia complete in every detail: soft white Stetson, neatly knotted neckerchief, tight-fitting trousers tucked into highly shined boots. His black satin shirt trimmed in silver was enough to blind those of less than normal vision. The six-shot revolvers strapped about his waist made him seem all the more so a greenhorn in masquerade.

But he knew how to use these, and proved it shortly after his arrival. Stepping from a saloon one day, he noticed several cowboys some yards away banging at a whiskey bottle. They were experiencing nothing but sad results. The stranger stood watching for several moments and then...

Suddenly he slapped leather. The gun fairly flew into his hand and cracked in his fist. It spat blue flame and the bottle shattered. In the flash of a second he returned the gun to his holster, then strolled carelessly down the street.

This left Guthrie more agog than ever. Now suddenly the town realized this "damn Yankee Jim Dandy" was more than capable of living up to his boasts. His Fancy-Dan appearance was altogether misleading. No one was going to be making him dance to the tune of whistling lead. No one was going to be shooting up the dust beneath his feet. He just might possibly be the best shot and fastest draw in the entire West.

(continued on page 50)

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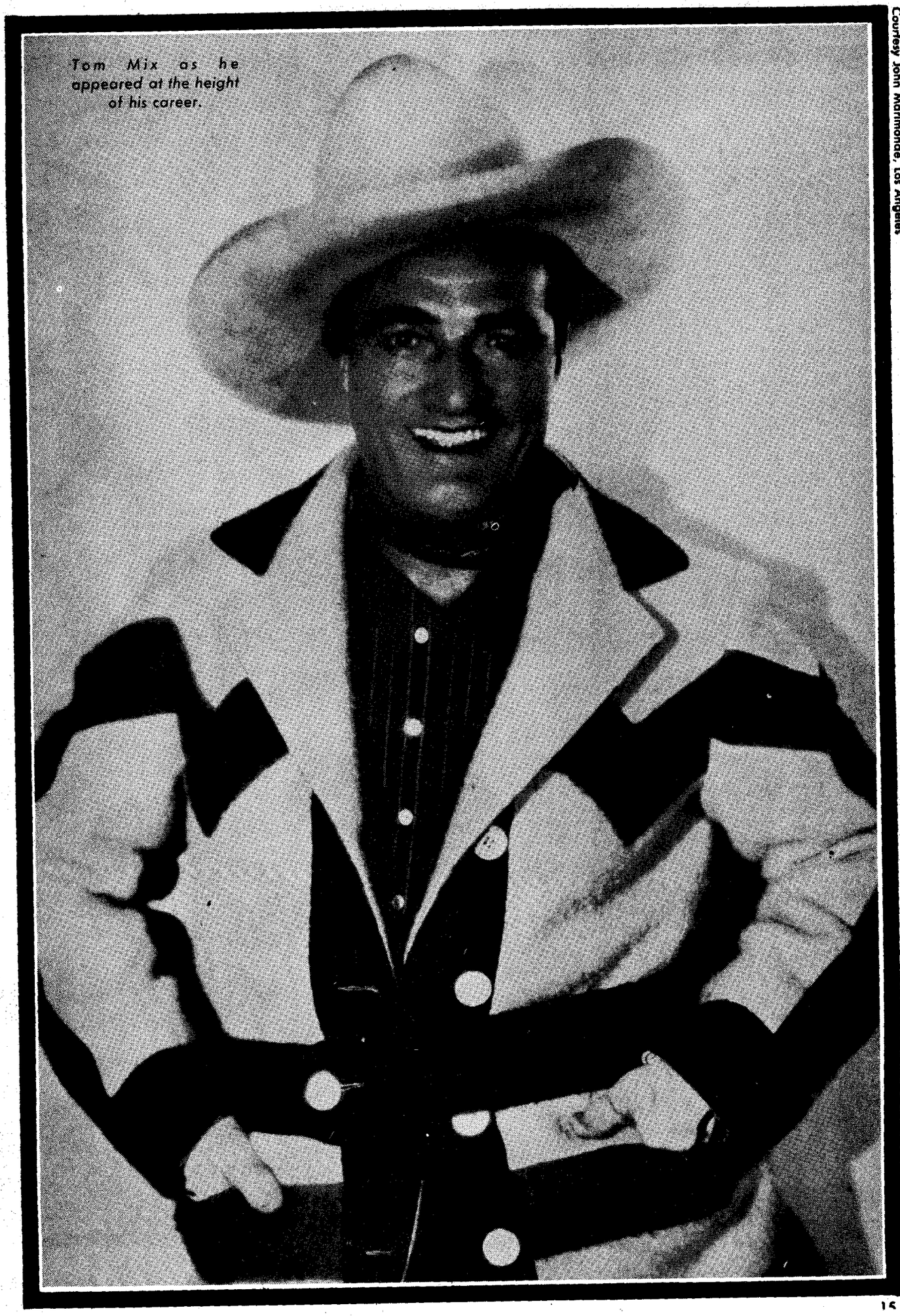

Tom Mix as he appeared at the height of his career.

Courtesy John Marimonde, Los Angeles

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ians" in 1880 at the age of 19. When he reached his destination, was practically penniless. The rough miners and cowboys noted the "Easterner" and began poking fun at the quiet youth. Fred took the hazing

ICK REMINGTON.

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with good grace, but when it got out of hand he settled the differences with his "dukes". It wasn't long before the boys stopped poking fun at him and accepted him as one of their own. He took jobs as a cowboy, an outrider on the Overland Trail.

Everywhere he went, he had him his small leather bag full o

Western Artist Par Excellence

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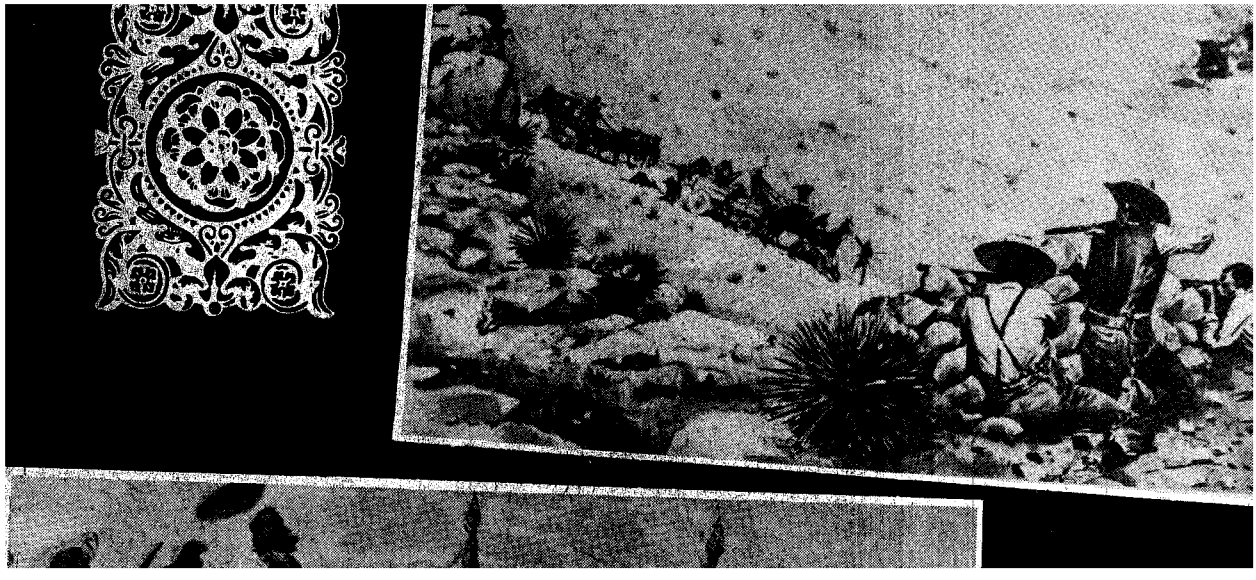

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REAL WEST MOVIE HALL OF FAME

GARY COOPER

By Mario A. De Marco

To me Gary Cooper has always been the perfect westerner — tall, lanky, and quiet-spoken; and when the time came for action, he could produce in a convincing manner. The picture that launched Cooper on his way to becoming a superstar was the classic western, *The Virginian*. Other greats in the cast included Richard Arlen and Walter Houston. The picture is considered to be one of the all-time great ones in western movie making.

One can't place Cooper in the same class as many of the great western stars I have written about. Many of these stars portrayed the westerner throughout their careers, and when the market for this type of role became exhausted, they simply retired or went into some other type of work. Gary was always with a major studio and played many roles other than that of a cowboy, but he was always associated with the role of a westerner and played the part perfectly.

He was born Frank James Cooper on May 7, 1901 in Helena, Montana. His father, Charles Henry, migrated from England in 1885 and became a supreme court judge. His mother was also English. She met his father while in America and they married.

His father pruchased a 600-acre ranch near Helena when Frank was five. When Frank's mother became ill in 1910, the family returned to England for her health, and Frank and his older brother, Arthur, were educated there. With the outbreak of World War I the Coopers returned to Montana. There was a shortage of manpower to operate the ranch, so Frank, at age 16, became a regular ranch hand. He attended an agricultural college in Montana; He also tried his hand at cartooning, becoming quite good at it. While at college he was involved in an auto accident and suffered a fractured hip. He convalesced on his father's ranch. There he took up horseback riding and became an expert horseman.

Cooper also enlisted at Iowa's Grinnell College in 1921, and while there he became the college paper's cartoonist. He also submitted many cartoons to the *Helena Independent* which were published. During vacation months he worked as a guide in Yellowstone National Park.

With his cartoon samples and great hopes, he headed for Los Angeles to land on one of the big papers as a cartoonist, but with little luck. In order to survive, he got a job as a salesman for a photography shop for a short time. This was in 1924. While on his rounds he met two of his boyhood friends who were working for the movie studios as extras. They talked him into making the rounds of the studios, and Cooper became a movie extra. Many of his jobs were as a cowboy and Indian, playing in many of the westerns which starred the likes of Tom Mix, Dustin Farnum, Richard Dix and other greats. As long as he could ride, Cooper was working.

Marilyn Mills, a producer of two and five reelers, was settling some legal matters with Frank's father. At that particular time she was producing a western for which she needed a "heavy", so Cooper got the job.

Frank acted in a string of these fast little action pictures and learned quite a lot about acting. Going one step further, he signed Nan Collins as his agent. She liked the tall, lanky, good looking youngster and decided it would help his career to change his name to "Gary", which she thought had more "excitement" to it than Frank. She also advised him to invest in making a screen test of his riding skills.

This venture cost Gary $75, but it was well worth the price. Henry King, the director, viewed the film strip and hired Cooper for a small part in his latest picture, *The Winning of Barbara Worth*. His pay for the work was $65. When the film was released, the fans immediately took to young Cooper and began writing to the studio about him. Paramount Pictures decided to take a chance on him and put him under contract for $150 a week.

He played opposite Clara Bow, the "It" girl, and when the picture was finished, the studio began to "promote" their newest find. Gary's next film, his first starring role, was in *Arizona Bound*, for which he did his own dangerous stunts. Perhaps the one other great picture that helped him tremendously in his career was *Wings*. His appearance in it was short, but he left his mark on the millions of movie fans viewing this great war classic. The mail began pouring in for him.

Gary's next two pictures were from Zane Grey's novels, "Nevada" and "The Last Outlaw". In the latter, Jack Luden played opposite him. Paramount began building him up and casting him in bigger and better productions until he became the studio's top star.

When sound came to the movies, he was cast in Owen Wister's *The Virginian*, which proved to be a box-office hit.

In 1933 he married Veronica Balfe in New York City. They had a daughter, Maria, in 1937.

Cooper went on to make many memorable pictures with Paramount and other major studios. He won his first "Oscar" in 1941 for his role in *Sergeant York* and his second in 1952 for his role as the sheriff in *High Noon*.

The six-foot-plus Cooper starred in over 70 films in his career as an actor, which spanned over 30 years, a record held by few in Hollywood. These pictures grossed well over 200 million dollars for his studios.

In 1960 at the Academy Award Presentations, James Stewart accepted a special award in behalf of Gary Cooper, who was seriously ill at the time. Gary passed away on May 13, 1961, thus ending the career of one of the most beloved and versatile actors, a star who became known as the perfect westerner. ● **RW**

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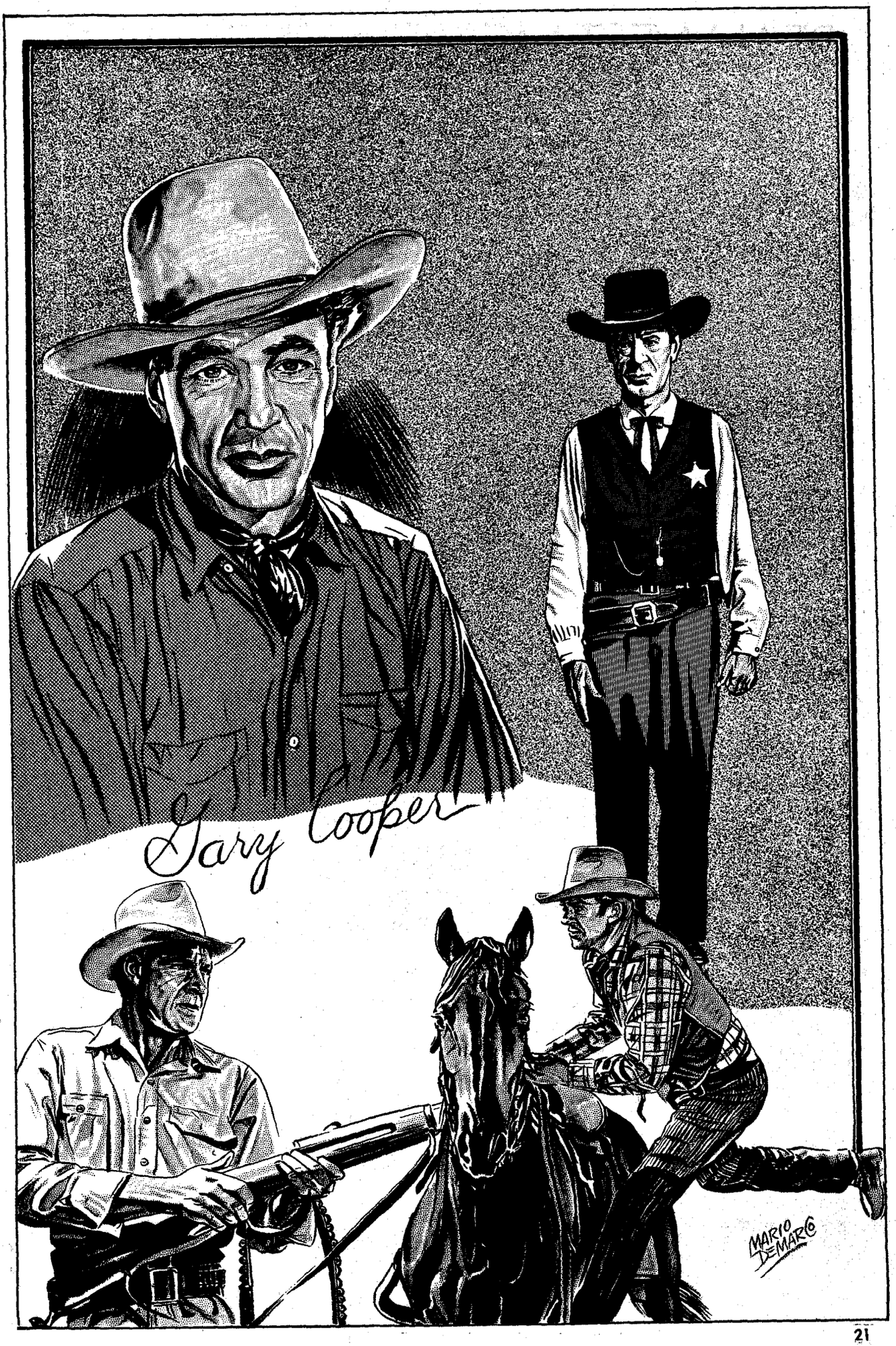

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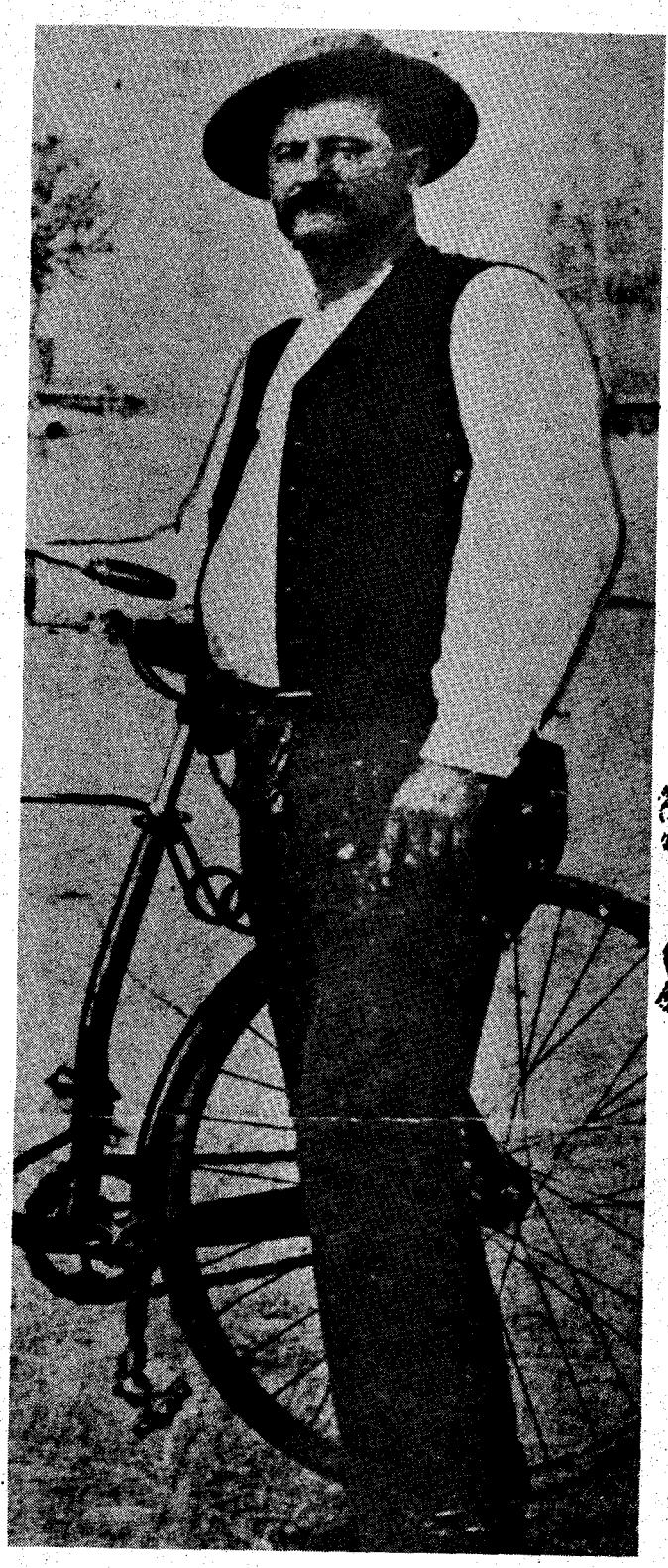
JOHN B. CHARLTON, Cavalryman By Choice

COVER STORY

By Fred Frank Blalock

For generations, renegade Indians hid in the Palo Duro, a 100-mile long gash in the vast Texas Plains. Now, it was fitting in 1874 that the last great battle between the U.S. Cavalry and Lone Wolf's renegade band be fought there.



Sgt. John B. Charlton in later years. Charlton fought with MacKenzie at the Battle of Palo Duro Canyon.

In the dimness of the early morning of Sept. 28, 1874, "... a column of blue-clad tired, hungry men drew rein on the brow of Palo Duro Canyon, went down into the jaws of death, fought a winning fight and rode back unheralded.."

These are words of Sgt. John Bontwell Charlton, a scout for the firebrand Indian fighter Col. Ranald Slidell Mackenzie, and the old sergeant is recalling details of the fight that ended forever large-scale Indian warfare in Texas.

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But another part of the story began only the day before the battle of which Charlton was speaking.

On the eve of that decisive fight the early autumn winds sweeping the Staked Plains whispered only of bad medicine as Chief Lone Wolf of the Kiowas and his band of renegade Comanches, Kiowas, Arapahoes and Cheyennes descended the treacherous trail into Palo Duro Canyon to make winter camp in the shadows of the canyon walls.

Into the canyon raiding parties from the loosely knit union of tribes already had driven more than 1,500 horses. Now the ponies were grazing amid scrub oaks, mesquites and cedars on good grasses blanketing the canyon floor. The mounts, many of them wearing brands of ranches where the Indians had pillaged during the months of spring and summer, represented power to the renegades. On the backs of those horses rode the last hope for the band to continue their stinging assaults against the frontier settlements and their lightning retreats to the protection of the plains.

After the tepees were set and the squaws had settled into routines of running camp, Lone Wolf and his subchiefs held council in the lodge of the Kiowa medicine man, Maman-ti or Sky-Walker. Possibly they discussed first the safety afforded them by the Palo Duro. The chasm, a 100-mile-long gash in the otherwise unbroken plains in the very heart of the Texas Panhandle, was the place where some of the tribesmen and their ancestors had found protection for years. Here they had rendezvoused with the *Comancheros,* the New Mexican merchants of the plains who exchanged guns, whiskey and baubles for cattle, white captives, horses, mules and other chattels taken by the Indians during bloody forays deep into Texas.

The talk in Sky-Walker's tepee then may have turned to the events that provoked the members of the four tribes to join forces some eight months earlier and flee the reservation near Fort Sill in Indian Territory. The Indians generally had been irritated by the restricted life of the reservation and by the government's failure to fulfill its annuity promises.

And it was on December 7 of the year before that Lone Wolf's son, Tau-an-kia, and his nephew, Guitan, son of Red Otter (brother of Lone Wolf), had been killed by soldiers of the Fourth U. S. Cavalry while the young Indians were raiding in Texas.

The Kiowas at Fort Sill got word of the deaths on Jan. 13, 1874, and the entire tribe went into mourning. Lone Wolf then was more than ready to attend when, days later, the Comanches held a Sun Dance in preparation for organizing a war party and invited other disgruntled tribes to join.

Lone Wolf had emerged as chief of the assemblage, and the following months of warfare under his leadership spread terror across the frontiers of the Southwest. The Wolf's attacks, added to raids by other remnants of Plains Indian tribes also operating from the Staked Plains, ravaged a 600-mile arc from the Arkansas River south to the Pecos.

Isolated ranches in Eastern New Mexico, never before confronted by relentless raids from the plains, suffered heavily. Before the attacks began to subside in late July, nine persons were slain at Fort Bascom, and dozens of settlers were murdered in the Cimarron Valley. Rancher John Chisum, ensconced far down along the Pecos, reported 300 head of horses driven off by the savages.

Seeking curtailment of the onslaughts, cattlemen from the upper Pecos and Canadian gathered in Santa Fe on July 26 to petition the Army for protection.

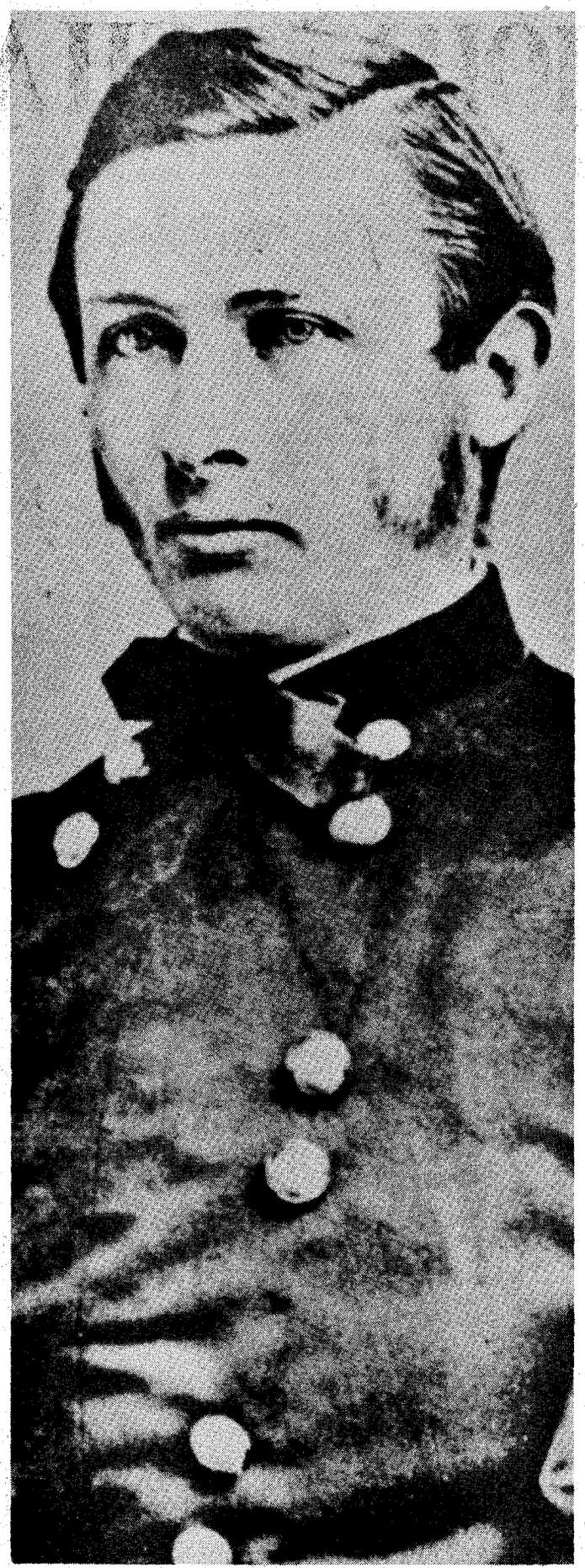

Photo courtesy Fort Worth Star-Telegram

Colonel Ranald S. MacKenzie, later general, searched for and found Lone Wolf and his renegade band of Indians.

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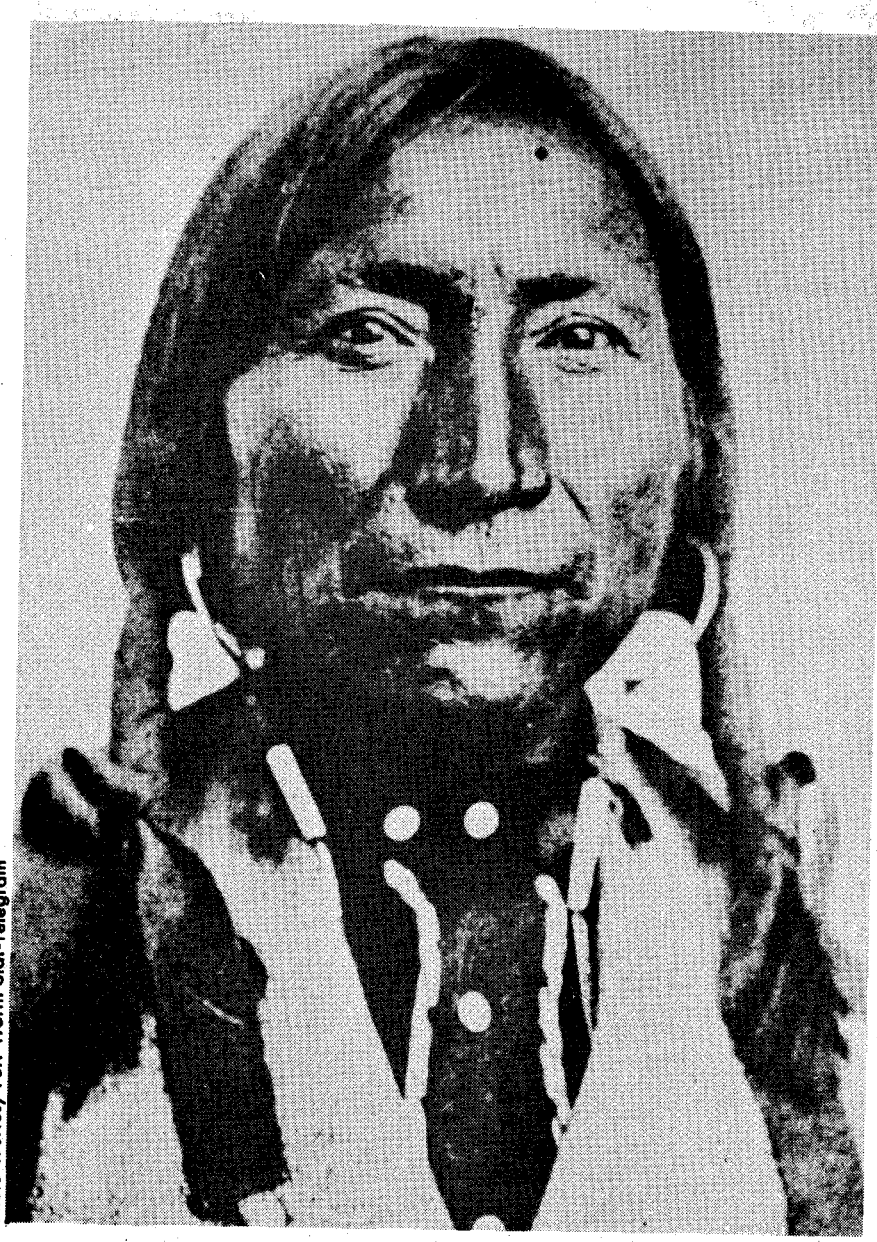

Photo courtesy Fort Worth Star-Telegram

Lone Wolf from a photo taken by William S. Soule in 1870.

And Lone Wolf, stirring in his blankets deep in the great cradle of Palo Duro, failed to find sleep that September night. At the afternoon council, Sky-Walker, an owl prophet, had suddenly announced that a tragedy would occur in the canyon the next day. Lone Wolf then ordered the camp to be moved a short distance to a point where the canyon was about a mile wide.

There were enough stolen supplies to last the band for weeks; buffalo that would furnish fresh meat grazed at the rim of the Palo Duro. The canyon would protect the tribes from the slash of winter. But what of the pony soldiers? Would they dare ride north and face the coming snows? The night wind stirred once more on the plains high above and again spoke ominously of bad medicine.

Earlier in the year, Brevet Major General Mackenzie, who was stationed at Fort Clark (at present-day Brackettville, Texas), received information that Lone Wolf had broken away from the reservation and was moving into Texas, bringing with him all his belongings: horses, squaws, papooses, tepees and approximately 1,500 warriors.

In August, Mackenzie (then reduced to the rank of colonel in the post-Civil War Army) was informed further that almost all units of the U. S. Cavalry quartered in the Southwest would launch a concerted push against the renegades on the Staked Plains. Col. Nelson A. Miles would head south from Camp Supply (in present-day Woodward County, Oklahoma).

Major William Price would start east from Fort Union in Northern New Mexico; Lt. Col. J. W. Davidson was to operate west from Fort Sill. Col. Mackenzie would head north from Fort Concho, Tex. (San Angelo of today), along the "Fresh Water Fork of the Brazos". And Col. G.P. Buell was under orders to push up Red River into the area between Davidson and Mackenzie. Their objective would be to drive all the Indians to the reservation or destroy them.

Col. Mackenzie called for Sgt. Charlton, a 26-year-old scout on whose experience, judgment and ability the Colonel often relied heavily. Mackenzie handed Charlton several dispatches (one of them obviously a request for more information about the impending invasion) and told the Sergeant to ride north to Fort Sill, a distance of 580 miles, and then to return immediately.

Heavily armed, Charlton left Fort Clark alone at sundown. He was commanded to ride at night — partly because of the threat of hostiles and partly because of the sweltering August heat — and to obtain fresh mounts at other Army posts along the route.

Charlton, an Indian fighter by choice, was born in Bowling Green, Ky., Aug. 16, 1848. He was only a few months past his 12th birthday when the Civil War broke out. The night after his two brothers left to join the Confederate Army, he ran away and overtook them, only to be spanked soundly and sent back home.

When he was 17, he enlisted in Battery K, First Artillery, U.S. Army and served five years. He then signed on with the Fourth Cavalry with the stipulation that he be sent to the frontier to fight Indians. His regiment landed at the Texas port city of Indianola and from there marched to San Antonio. After much service in the state, Charlton was stationed at Fort Clark in 1878.

It has been reported that Sgt. Charlton made the long ride to Fort Sill in six nights and then, with little or no sleep, headed his pony back toward Texas. He rejoined Mackenzie at Fort Concho where the Colonel had advanced in anticipation of the drive onto the plains.

Almost immediately after reading the dispatches that Charlton delivered, Mackenzie ordered the command to saddle up. They rode to the Catfish Fork of the Brazos and were joined there by supply wagons from Fort Griffin, 180 miles to the east. They then continued to what is now Yellow House Canyon in the vicinity of present-day Lubbock. Within hours the supply train, accompanied by four companies of in-

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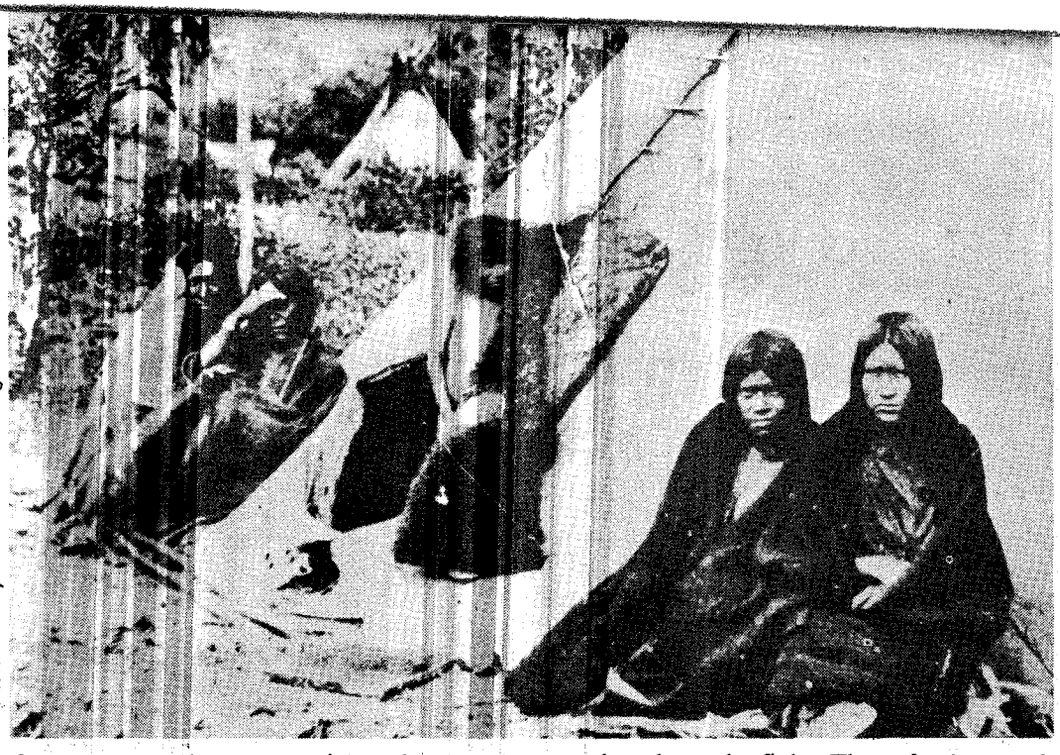

Photo courtesy Fort Worth Star-Telegram

Scene in the camp of Chief Shaking Hand. Sgt. Charlton searched out the camp with a message from Col. Mackenzie demanding his surrender.

fantry, caught up with the cavalrymen at the canyon. A supply camp was pitched shortly before a cold norther blew in, bringing with it torrents of rain.

The next morning dawned cool and clear, and the scouts, with Lt. William A. Thompson in command and Charlton as sergeant, were ordered into action. The party was made up of six white men, 13 Seminole Indians, 12 Tonkawas and four Lipans — 35 men in all.

When the main body of troopers reached Tule Canyon later that same morning, Mackenzie had a second camp established while most of the command continued to push on over the plains. At noon, after the scouts had dropped back with the other units, Charlton saw what appeared to him to be a herd of buffalo, and he called Lt. Thompson's attention to it.

"They are Indians, Sergeant, and they are going to attack up," shouted the Lieutenant, "Get your men ready for action."

The cavalrymen advanced to within 60 yards of the savages who began screaming like devils and fanned out into a semicircle. A standoff developed, but sporadic exchanges of gunfire continued until sundown when the renegades pulled out of the area. The troops made it back to the Tule Canyon camp about 10 p.m.

Mackenzie, on hearing of the skirmish, ordered a third of the command placed on guard duty, expecting an attack at sunup. But as soon as the moon edged over the horizon, the Indians stormed the camp. Sentries began firing, and other cavalrymen, weary from countless hours in their saddles, grabbed weapons and took up the fight. The attackers pulled back and circled the camp, waiting for a chance to stampede the horse herd.

Then ten wagons loaded with ammunition and forage and escorted by a company of infantry arrived from the supply camp. Wagonmaster James O'Neal failed to hear the gunfire and led the train into camp with the teamsters cracking their whips and cursing the mules. The Indians quit firing and were gone at daybreak. They carried their dead with them, but the troopers estimated they had felled 15 of the renegades during the night battle.

Before Sgt. Charlton had finished his coffee the next morning, Mackenzie's orderly told him to report to the Colonel. "Charlton," said Mackenzie, "take two Tonkawas and follow the trail of those Indians and try to find their camp."

Charlton selected Johnson and Job (the two Tonkawas, along with another of their tribe named Henry, were referred to by frontiersmen as "the best trackers in the world") and left at once. The hostiles had been gone but a short while, and water from the boggy ground still was seeping into the tracks left by their ponies.

The trackers moved rapidly. Charlton recalled later how he was impressed by the level country in that region where there were no trees, no rocks, nothing but miles of grass-covered acres meeting the blue of the sky in the distance. Shortly, the trio came to the point where the trail merged with many others leading in from the plains. Charlton and the two Tonks were about 20 miles from the command then. A short distance further, perhaps three to five miles, they came in sight of Palo Duro Canyon.

The Sergeant and Johnson dismounted and crawled on hands and knees along the rim of the canyon to view the scene at the bottom.

"Heap Injuns," said Johnson.

Charlton said in later years that he could not describe the canyon nor his feelings upon discovering it. From the first glimpse of the chasm, it appeared to be bottomless. Objects looking like tiny white cones were tepees scattered in the open along the stream. There were hundreds of them, reaching for about three miles down the canyon. Small creatures seeming no larger than chickens were the numberless stolen horses grazing near the tepees.

While Charlton was studying the layout of the camp, Johnsor suddenly tugged at his sergeant' sleeve; the Tonkawa whispered that he feared an attack from the rear since they were not certain that the Indians they were pursuing had all passed down into the canyon.

The trackers then made a run for their horses and rode as rapidly as the jaded animals could travel back to the command. Informed of the find, Mackenzie ordered all troops to saddle up. They moved at dark, leaving one troop of cavalry to guard the wagons at Tule Canyon. In all, about 600 men advanced against Lone Wolf's stronghold.

They traveled all night, and Charlton, as he rode, tried to count how many days it had been since he had had a night's rest or a square meal. The Sergeant had been in the

(continued on page 54)

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160 ACRES

By Lizzie Lucas
as told to Lou Gilstrap

Photos furnished by the author

Uncle Sam was selling land in the Oklahoma Territory for 10¢ an acre to homesteaders early in this century. It was a harsh life on the treeless prairie. Many gave up before the winter ended but others stayed on the land.

Elizabeth Lucas tells the story of the hardships and great times she had during her homesteading days in Montana.

I was 23 years old when Robert Lucas took me and our two little girls to our 160-acre homestead in eastern Fergus county, Montana. It was a treeless expanse of high plain where the sky met the purple sage and prickly pear on a level horizon so far away that our little 14-by-18-foot log cabin seemed set in the middle of another world. It was April, 1914.

I had never seen such a vast, desolate-looking place in all my life, but I was eager to make a home of it, and we did.

Bob went out there in 1913, six years after our marriage

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Against Sixteen Dollars

in Oklahoma Territory, at the insistence of his half-brother, Frank Wisdom, who had settled in Judith Basin. He filed on the homestead a year later. If cost ten cents an acre. We always said, "Uncle Sam bet you 160 acres against $16 you couldn't make a living on it." Bob hauled the lumber 18 miles (it took two trips) and two neighbors helped build up the house. Bob had four head of horses and a cow and not a spear of hay of any kind at that time.

When he asked his brother what he should do with the stock, Frank said: "Turn 'em loose."

Bob said, "They'll starve to death before spring."

But Frank said, "No, they'll paw the snow off and eat the buffalo grass." That's what they did. The cow would follow the horses and get her food. Bob grained her a little and he milked her all winter and next spring. The horses were fatter than when he had turned them loose in the fall.

I knew all about hardships because I was a child when my folks left a good farm and comfortable home and relatives in Illinois to make a new life in the Indian Nations after it was opened to settlement. But there was a big difference in the settled communities in those Oklahoma hills of black-jack and tall grass and this great, far-reaching country that looked the same in every direction: no plowed fields; no roads; no landmarks except the cut-banks (from 8 inches to three feet deep) which you couldn't see until you drove your wagon off over them. Near our place was a small hill that raised right up out of the ground, the only landmark in miles.

And there were rattlesnakes and coyotes — a lot of both.

Our homestead was located in eastern Fergus county, 10 miles southeast of Roy, and 17 miles north, one mile west of Grass Range in central Montana. Lewistown is right in the center of Montana, and we were about 65 miles northeast.

Our oldest girl, Allison Marguerite, was only three-and-a-half years old and Roberta was a little more than a year old when I moved my Montgomery Ward sewing machine and other possessions into that little one-room house that Bob had built for us. I didn't have any trouble making clothes on that old peddle-type, drop-head machine. I'd brought calico and gingham with me for making clothes and some wool pieces for making comforters which I worked with floss to make them pretty.

My sister Lou went to Montana with me. We were full of malaria when we left Oklahoma and we'd go to sleep every time we sat down to sew on the fancy work, but we finally got the comforters ready to tack. Since the house was too small to put them on a frame, we just had to spread them on the bed to tack them, but we finally got them done. Then Lou left and I was alone with my little family.

Bob's brother, Frank, gave us one-and-a-half dozen chickens and two turkey hens and a gobbler, but we had no chicken houses or anything, just a big box the chickens roosted in. The turkeys stayed out at night and, of course, hid their nests out, also. I couldn't find those turkey hens' nests until the first skiff of snow when they came up for feed, and I followed them back and found the nests. Each one had 16 eggs and all of them hatched. But I had no luck at all with the chickens that year.

Bob went up on Black Butte Mountain and worked down trees and logs to make posts to fence our land. It

Robert Lucas homesteaded 160 acres of prairie land in Fergus County, Montana in 1914.

was four miles to the foot of Black Butte. He skidded the logs down (hooked on to a horse and pulled them down) and then loaded them on the wagon and hauled them home.

That summer Bob went over to the basin to harvest, leaving me and the children alone again. Before he left, he made me a little two-wheel cart with a box on it to pull the baby when I walked across the prairie through sagebrush and prickly pear ("dog-ear", we called it) to go to the post office which was two-and-a-half miles away. (Bob had to take the team with him.)

The Auburn Post Office was just a little place in a homesteader's house where there was also a little store that handled a few groceries, the barest necessities — and not many of them.

A few nights after Bob left, the coyotes began barking at dusk as always, but that night it sounded like they were all around us. Those old turkey hens were sitting down on the other side of the hill with their broods, and they got up and strutted around and made the funniest sounds. I thought, oh, the coyotes will get them sure tonight.

But the hens brought their broods up to the house and got up on a pile of logs near the house and I thought, They'll be alright now.

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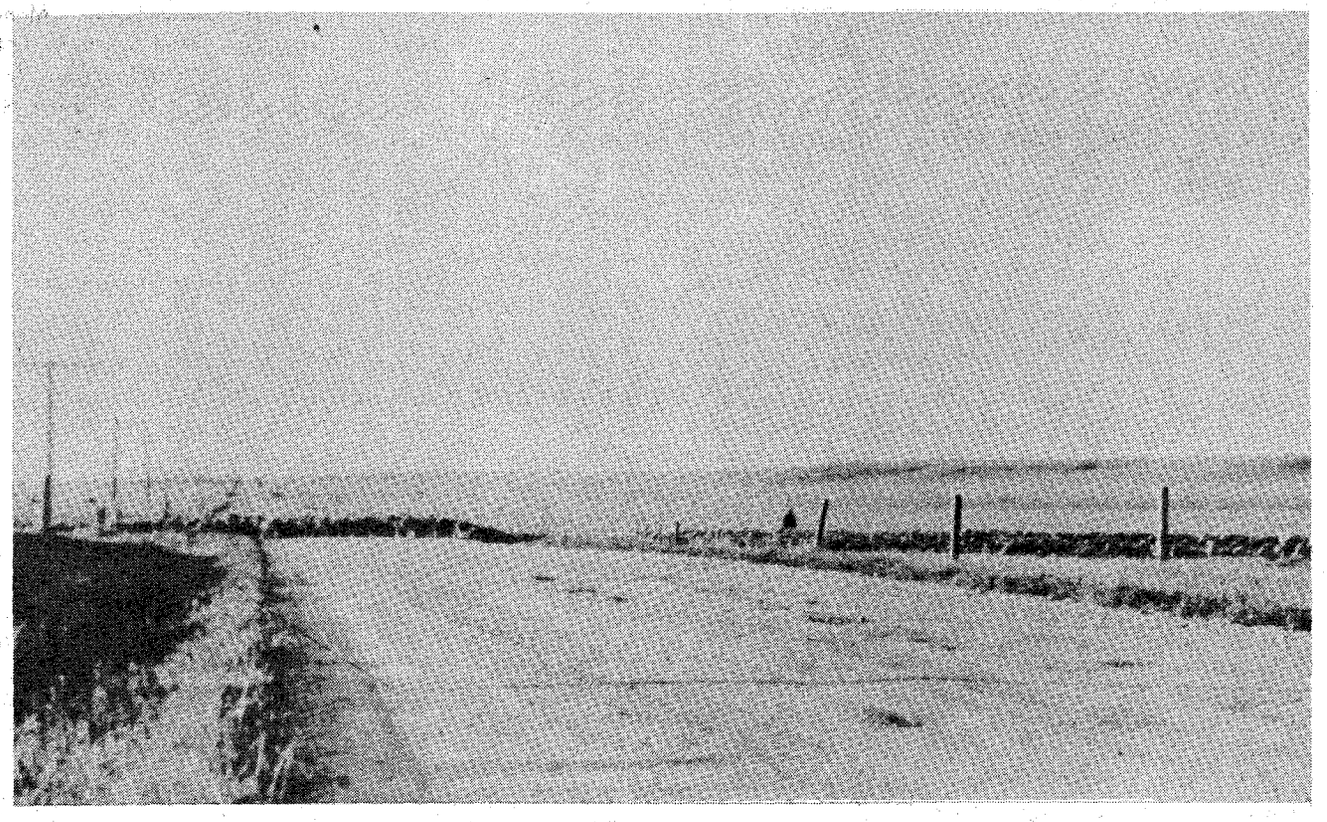

"I had never seen such a vast, desolate-looking place in my life, but I was eager to make a home of it, and we did." The flat plains of Fergus County, Montana where the Lucas family located in 1914.

But in the night, I was suddenly wakened by an awful crash against the side of the house just at the head of my bed. I jumped up and opened the door, but I was afraid to go outside. I had a gun, but I was afraid to shoot it. I got the gun down, finally, and tried to shoot and I threw the shell clear out of it. Then I had to find the shell and put it back, and finally I got off the shot. Of course, I didn't shoot at anything, I couldn't see anything, but I thought, well, it'll be alright now, and I went back to bed.

Not more than a half hour later, the same thing happened again. That time, I got up and lighted the lantern and I learned that the noise was caused by the old gobbler flying against the house when something had frightened him. We had glass in the door and I hung the lantern up where it would shine out onto the wood pile, thinking it might scare off whatever varmint was after the turkeys. But the next morning I discovered that there were one turkey hen and two young ones gone.

I hunted up all the lumber, pieces of boxes, and everything I could get that day, and I and my little three-year-old-girl built a chicken house.

That was the day the mail was supposed to come in, and since I always got letters from home, I put Roberta in the cart, and Allison and I walked across the prairie to the post office. But when we got over there, no one had taken the mail in, so our mail wasn't there. One man came in for mail and finding it was not in, was awful mad. He said: "Well, I'll take the mail in and I'll be back with it in three hours."

I decided to wait for him. But when it began to get late, I started home. I didn't think he was going to make it back that night, and I didn't want to be away from home in the dark.

I had just got to the top of the hill when I saw him coming back. I knew it was him by the way the setting sun was shining on his horses, one of them had white legs, and so I turned around and went back to get the mail. Otherwise, I would have to walk over again the next day, and it was a long walk for me — longer for my little girl.

As soon as the lady could pick out my mail, she gave it to me and I started home again. By then, Allison was pretty tired and she lagged behind. There were rattlesnakes on that prairie and I wanted to get home as soon as we could. But soon she began to cry, saying she was tired. I kept begging her to come on.

It was getting dark and the coyotes began to howl as they did every night. It sounded like they were all around us and coming up close. That poor little girl was so scared, she ran up to my side and grabbed my hand and she never lagged behind any more.

After I had given the girls something to eat, I took Allison out to help me put the chickens in that little concern that we'd built for a chicken house. We crowded all the chickens and the turkeys in there, except the old gobbler. We put him under a tub. He was so big that he just raised that tub right up. So I put a stick underneath it to lift it up and I piled great, big blocks of wood on top of the tub to keep the gobbler from raising up with it. That night the coyotes didn't bother the chickens and turkeys.

Although life was full of exciting experiences for me, one that I'll never forget occurred about two years later while Bob was in Oklahoma for the funeral of his mother. I went up on top of the little hill near our place to see if I could see where the cows were, and I saw a man coming on horseback, just as hard as he could come. I went down and waited for him.

When he came up, he said to me, "Say, did you hear about that man that was killed in his cabin last night?" He spoke in a high-pitched, shrill voice and I knew he was scared.

"No," I said, shock and a new feeling of fear muffling my voice.

"Well, Shorty Wilson was killed — shot right through his window."

Of course, this news scared me, and

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Lewistown, Montana, county seat of Fergus, County. Scene along Spring Creek.

he told me he was going down to find out all about it and he'd come back and tell me. So I put the children to bed and then I sat up and waited for him to come back, but he never came. I sat there waiting, and I'd look out those windows and think, well, that man said Shorty Wilson was shot through the window. I could be shot through the window sitting here, too.

So I turned both my lights out and went to bed. Next morning my neighbor came over, and I asked him about the shooting and he said, "No, he (Shorty Wilson) wasn't shot through the window. Someone called him to the door and shot him with his own gun." Apparently, Mr. Wilson had been away from home and someone had gone in and got the gun and shot him when he returned.

Well, that relieved my mind about being shot through the window. They never did find out who shot Mr. Wilson — never did. (They had law there alright; Judith Basin had been farmed for years and years and there was very little crime.)

Next time Bob left, the girls were older, and I had horses and could go to the post office in the wagon, or on horseback. We had cows and pigs and chickens and turkeys and a garden to care for, and I was busy. Being alone was not so bad as it had been during those first years.

While we were on the homestead, an elderly couple came in to homestead near our place. The woman was a very odd person and did a lot of talking, and people decided that maybe she wasn't a very good person. They didn't like her, but they liked the old man, who got along well with all of us.

It was winter, and the prairie was an endless ice-capped land of snow. The old man went to the post office one Sunday, apparently in good health according to neighbors who saw him there. But shortly after he returned home, his wife went over to a neighbor's house to say, "There's something wrong with Erie. I don't know what it is."

Ed Roberts went over to see what was wrong with the old man and found him in a dying condition. He went after some more neighbors, but by the time they got help there, the old man was dead. They found that old lady taking her black widow's togs out of her trunk. She said, "I've been a widow three times and I can wear them again."

Some male neighbors went in there and sat up with the old man's body; they had to grub sagebrush to keep a fire. It was bitter cold and the snow was deep. Everything was frozen up, and the old lady, claiming they didn't have anything except that little cabin, wanted to get out. So the men decided the best thing to do was to put the old man on a board and swing it from the ceiling so that the mice, and anything else that might get into the house, wouldn't destroy his body and to go get some help for the old lady. My brother-in-law, Frank, and another man put on parkas and walked through that deep snow 15 miles to Roy, Montana. It took them one day to go and a day to come back — three days in all.

When they got back, the old man's body was frozen, and they took the old lady and the body back into town, but they had to wait a long time before they could bury the old man because the ground was so frozen and the snow so deep they couldn't even chisel a grave out of the ground.

I had a lot of trouble out there on that homestead — and many nerve-wracking experiences. But all in all, I believe it was the happiest time of our lives when we were out there in the free country; free to do anything we pleased; where we had plenty of room and good, fresh air.

We had a little cellar under our house where we stored our potatoes and things, and the first year we were there we plowed sod and planted a big garden, including lots of onions and potatoes. In the fall, we'd go out and just turn the sod back and there lay, great, big potatoes. People in Oklahoma never saw anything like it. The turnips and rutabagas were so large that I couldn't cut them; I had to take them out and chop them with an ax.

But my turkeys didn't like anything in the garden but onions. We had quite a large patch of onions and those turkeys completely ate up the onions — left only peelings. When we butchered one for Thanksgiving, the back tasted so strong of onions that we could hardly eat it.

You could raise any kind of vegetable that you wanted to plant. We raised corn and dry beans, lots of dry beans — and we were never out of potatoes! It got awful cold, sometimes down to 40 degrees below zero, and it was dry, awful dry. It got so dry in Montana that we couldn't raise enough to live on, so we moved to Idaho in 1922 and Bob hired on at a lumber mill, Potlatch Forrester Co., where he worked for 21 years. But both of us get a little homesick when we think of "Ole Montana". It's like the words of the old song that we used to sing:

Take me back to Ole Montana
Where there's plenty of room and air

(continued on page 63)

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By
Maurice Kildare

TALL TALES

This is an account of hardcases, Indians, and pioneers in Montana when men were not only men but the biggest liars west of New York. One even claims the trout in Montana grow fur when it really gets cold!

Site of the old homestead where the ghost was seen.

Landusky, Montana was named for Powell Landusky, who was killed by Kid Curry in 1896. He was better known as "Pike" for he was always bragging, "I come from Pike County, Missouri, by Gawd!"

Reminiscing with the late Weston Howard in Augusta one winter evening, he stopped talking to ask, "Do you know why there are so many Missourians out here?"

On thinking about it, there did seem to be an unusual number of Treasure State citizens originally from Missouri as compared to those from other states.

Observing my slight confusion, the genial Howard went on, chuckling, "I'll tell you. coming west the Missourians followed the big rear wagon wheel watching to see when it would run over the little front wheel. Never happened until their wagons broke down in Montana, so they stayed!"

After we were amused by this tall tale, he continued, "Then there was this joker who dug a long mine tunnel deep into Scapegoat Mountain.

"One day he brought some ore into town, showing it to a friend who was experienced in mining gold and silver.

"He asked the friend, 'Ain't this mighty valuable?'

" 'It sure is,' the friend replied, 'It'll run two thousand pounds of dumpite to the ton.' "

Many of Montana's tall and humorous tales that are recited strictly for laughs I have heard in other states. The story of the drunken Indian is one.

It seems that an Indian entered the Mint Saloon in Great Falls, made famous by Charley Russell. White men were drinking glasses of whiskey with a large oyster in it; just one gulp and gone. Ordering one, the Indian sat down at a table. Never mind the laws preventing a redskin from buying whiskey, this is the way the sto y goes in Montana.

A little later a smart-aleck white man entered and saw the Indian's head resting forward on his tabled arms. The

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OF MONTANA

filled glass containing the oyster stood before him.

Thinking the Indian passed out drunk and it would be a good joke, the smart aleck slipped the glass away and swallowed the contents in one gulp. As he set the glass gently back on the table, the Indian's black-hatted head lifted upright.

"Did 'um stick?" he asked shakily.

"Certainly!"

"Huh, heap strong white man," the Indian replied, "Me swaller 'um three times and no stick."

This one is told in the lazy, sleepy little cowtown of Augusta. A man noted for consuming large amounts of whiskey came out of a saloon carrying a mickey. A mickey is a half pint of booze. It means, according to old-timers, little but enough to sober up on the next morning after taking on too much.

Met by another drinker, he was asked amusedly why in the world he was going home with a mere mickey, two big swallows at the most.

"Why, I'm going to drink it while getting ready to leave town, then buy another and drink it, too."

"All at one sitting?"

"Sure 'nough."

"Haw, haw! I'll bet you a hundred silver simoleons you can't drink two mickeys at one sitting. That's a full pint, and a man who drinks that much without coming up for air, why, it'll kill him!"

"It will?"

No hands were shaken on the proffered bet. But the heavy drinker came back to his friend a few minutes later.

"I'll take that bet," he said, digging money out of his pockets.

"A full pint of whiskey swallowed at one sitting will kill you," the friend warned again. "Don't try it. Anyhow, you can't do it."

"The hell I can't! I just downed two mickeys to see if I could and you don't see me walking around dead, do you?"

The now defunct town of Big Sandy and Sandy Creek, a wide, shallow stream usually bone dry, were named for Big Sandy Lane. Old-timers like to explain to tenderfeet how the names came about.

Lane was a freighter out of Fort Benton. He hauled with a high-sided wagon and trailer behind eight spans of big mules. Some time in the 1870's he had a rush order of freight. It consisted of food staples, such as bacon, lard, hard tack, flour, coffee and so on, consigned to Fort Assiniboine. He had to get it there on a specific day, or the soldiers in the fort would be starving.

Now Lane had a way with mules. He could handle the most contrary when no one else could. He never used obscenity at them or even shouted, yet by his gentle, persuasive treatment they obeyed, docile as lambs.

It was raining and his wagons bogged down several times, but he finally reached the creek. It was soggy and running deep. Here Lane's perfect control in handling his mules ended abruptly. They absolutely refused to enter the creek.

From the collections of the author

Charley Russell. He was told about the three kinds of drinking whiskey.

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After an hour of trying to coax them into obedience, Lane suddenly lost his cool entirely. Furious, he split the air with obscenity, cursing the mules, the weather, his hard luck and the world in general.

So hot and vehemently voluble was his maddened language that the creek soon dried up. He crossed on dry land, reaching the fort on schedule.

The old Montana frontiersmen insisted to Charley Russell that there were three kinds of drinking whiskey, which he duly accounted for in his writings. There was fighting and cussing whiskey, whispering whiskey, and Indian or brave-maker whiskey.

The first made the imbiber poison-mean. He started bloody fights and shot up the town. If he survived to go home, invariably his wife and kids were beaten up.

Whispering whiskey had a gentle effect. Men sat around a table, drinking convivially and gossiping in mere whispers. They created no fuss at all. Usually a husband went home carrying for his wife a bouquet of flowers or maybe a box of chocolate bon-bons and sometimes both, and always for the kids a big sack of candy.

The Indian or brave-maker whiskey, sold to the redskins by peddlers, made them murderously mean. One filled with it would charge all odds, felt no pain from wounds and continued fighting ferociously until dropping in his tracks.

Indian whiskey was made with a gallon of grain alcohol, three gallons of muddy Missouri River water, five ounces of Cayenne pepper, a quart of blackstrap molasses, a plug of finely chopped eatin' tobacco and some crushed garlic.

A snout full of this concoction turned the worst living coward into a brave man. When whiskey peddlers sold it to Indians, whole tribes invariably went on the warpath.

Indian agents were thoroughly hated in Montana. Most were usually the thieves they accused others of being, so perhaps the tales related about them are not so far-fetched after all.

An Indian agent would deliver a barrel of sugar to a tribe and get a signed or "X"-marked receipt for ten. One sack of flour was receipted for fifty. Three hundred head of cattle would be driven through a corral gate four times and 1,200 counted, for which the receipt was given. A few of the cattle were then handed over to the Indians. The rest were driven away and sold to some crooked white man for the agent's monetary benefit.

Where an Indian was legally entitled to receive $150-annuity in cash or payment for seized horses, goods or land when sent to a reservation, he actually got $20. A receipt was given for it all, the amount withheld going into the agent's pockets. If the Indian objected, he was told that the great white father in Washington sent only that much. The balance would be coming later.

As for any and all goods the Indians were supposed to draw in amounts according to the family number, it was sold to nearby merchants. Small wonder any sum appropriated by Congress for Indian welfare never got to them

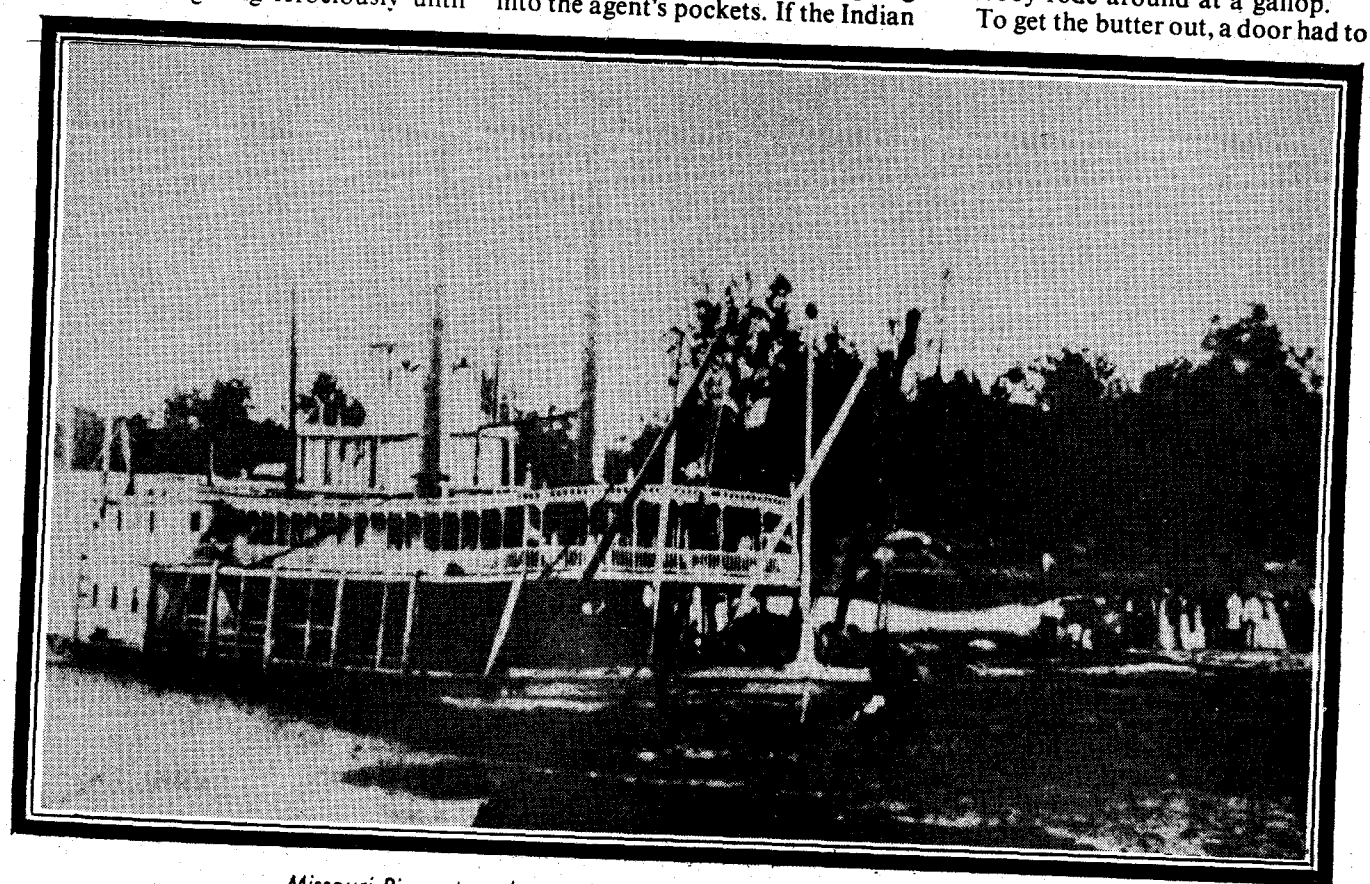
The smart, early-day settler had a method of chinking his log house without expending very much labor. When the logs were in place, no time was wasted filling the spaces between them.

With the first snowfall he shovelled the white stuff solid into the long cracks. Then he bulit a raging fire inside and fed it until the snow began melting . The fire was then doused and the ice froze between the logs, chinking the wall tighter than he could have done it with small limbs, chips and dirt.

The first cattlemen did not have milch cows. When they did acquire a few, their womenfolk insisted that the cowboys perform both chores of milking and churning.

The hands decided that churning could be done in a very simple and easy way. They filled a two-gallon oak whiskey keg with milk. It was tied on behind a saddle, and one cowboy rode around at a gallop.

To get the butter out, a door had to



Missouri River steamboat. They had trouble when the water was low.

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The small cowtown of Augusta, Montana where tall tales are told.

be sawed into the keg and replaced. The first churning produced butter, although it had a little sawdust in it. After that, everything went along all right — for a time.

One hot summer day the saddle-jostled keg blew up. Rider and horse were splattered with milk. The womenfolk made them quit this method and use the wooden dash from a sitting position.

Early-day hotels were more of a tribulation than a place of repose. There is a yarn told about the pilgrim stagecoach passenger who took a room in a station inn during a fierce blizzard in below-zero weather.

Wearing all his clothes and wrapped in every blanket he could find, the passenger managed to keep from freezing to death in a second-story room. On hearing noise below near daylight, he descended to the front room.

Before a blazing fireplace stood a heavy man in rough clothing, thawing himself out first on one side and then the other. A thick beard hanging down to his chest was frozen solid with ice.

The man was a stage driver who had just come in after facing the blowing storm of sleet and snow half the night.

Regarding his iced-up beard, the passenger exclaimed in horror, "My God! What room did you have?"

Despite its many running rivers and creeks, sometimes water in Montana was at a premium. Shortages appeared especially after irrigation dams began going in.

However, the short-water yarns began long before then.

It is claimed that a Missouri River steamboat went fast aground on a sand bar at a time when the water was low. Hawsers were put ashore to trees, and the deck donkey engines screamed and groaned trying to inch the steamboat into deep water. While this was going on, a wood cutter came down to the river's edge and dipped up a bucket of water.

The captain's dander raised swiftly, and he shouted above the noisy engines, "Hey, damn you! Put that water back or I'll never get off this bar!"

On Augusta one escapade raised a controversy and may never be settled.

Not far out of town is the site of an 1880 homestead. A young mother died there. Before passing on, she told her mother that she would come back and help raise her two small children.

In time the family moved south to Helena. Soon thereafter strange things began happening at the old homestead, the buildings slowly eroding into complete ruin. It was asserted that on moonlight nights a gray wraith, the spirit of the dead mother, could be seen walking around where the buildings once stood.

Early one night this subject was being discussed in a saloon by local men. A visiting tourist listened avidly.

Fidgeting a while in disdain over their ignorance, he rudely butted into the talk by exclaiming disgustedly, "There is no such thing as a ghost, the dead returning to earth. Pure poppycock ... folklore tales of the stupidly ignorant!"

One of the group considered him gravely. "This would be a good night to see her. You want to go out there, or are you all bluff and too scared to try?"

"How stupid can you get? I'll go out there and stay until eleven o'clock and no ghost will show up. The bet is that the loser — you — will buy drinks for the house!"

"You're covered. You won't more than get there until you'll see this ghost we're talking about."

Ridiculing them further while receiving directions as to the homestead's location, the indignant tourist departed.

Two locals began laughing amusedly. They decided to go around and sneak into the homestead site,

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Cowman Westen Howard. He knew how so many Missourians got to Montana.

one wearing a dull white bed sheet. That was their plan, but on the way their car broke down. A wait ensued before a truck came along the lonely road and towed them back to town.

Both returned to the saloon ready to pay off.

They were hardly seated again with their friends when the tourist strode through the street door. His clothing was disarranged and his face still bloodless white. Without a word to them he tossed a fifty-dollar bill onto the bar.

"Mister Bartender, give everybody in the house a drink."

One of the would-be pranksters asked, "You saw the ghost?"

"Shucks, yes!" the tourist exclaimed, "At least I saw something walking around down in the meadow. Maybe it was what you call a ghost. Maybe it was one of you walking around wearing a white sheet. But it sure *lo*oked real!"

Long after he departed, the locals stared at each other in astonishment. They had been prevented from carrying out the prank, and no one else had been sent to the old homestead site.

The inhabitants of Augusta are retired cattlemen, homesteaders, cowboys and a few of other callings. They chose the little town of 500 population because of its quiet and unbustling atmosphere. A group of men, all past seventy years of age, can be found every morning before the post office waiting for the daily mail truck from Great Falls.

One winter day, twenty below zero with a little snow on the ground, a fisherman from outside stopped. Noticing the locals in quite voiced conversation, he approached them.

"I see people fishing through two and a half feet of ice on Niland Lake," he began, "How come they think they can catch fish, frozen ones?"

One old-timer studied him curiously a moment.

"They'll catch some good-sized trout all right," he asserted confidently, "Always do."

"Any fish in there not down deep in the mud are frozen to death!" the fisherman retorted.

"Not at all. The cold doesn't bother them because they wear fur coats."

"Fur coats?"

"Sure. They grow them."

The rest solemnly supported his claim that the fish there did grow fur for the winter.

The fisherman went on his way. An hour later he returned, finding the old-timers still waiting on the mail truck that happened to be late that day.

He crossed the street to them, carrying an eighteen-inch long mounted trout. It would have shown colored rainbow spots except for an extraordinary thing: the fish was covered with long gray fur.

Exhibiting it proudly, he said, "I thought you fellows were the biggest liars on earth. Fish wearing fur coats!

"But look at this. A man in Choteau had it, and I got it from him for ten dollars. I'm going out to that lake and catch a couple to amaze my friends back home."

Forthwith the fisherman hurried to his car and drove off in the direction of Niland Lake.

The old-timers regarded each other gravely. Some crook with a phoney put-together fish had taken the tourist fisherman. They were also selling horned jack-rabbits heads and ice worms pickled in a bottle to gullible pilgrims.

Finally one in the group drawled, "We'd better get our mail, go home and stay by the fire. When that man is nigh frozen to death and got no puny trout wearing a fur coat, he's going to come back here bull-ground-stomping mad!" ●**RW**

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

REAL WEST facts about the Indian and his way of life.

HEALTH REMEDIES OF THE INDIANS

By NONO MINOR, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

The American Indian believed that many plants held some form of mysterious power which was imparted to them by the various deities whose duty it was to guard that specific plant. When the Indians went to gather the plant needed, they would leave some sort of an offering in return.

It was the duty of the medicine man to know which plants were helpful and those which could be harmful to the people. It was also his duty to know just how to prepare these plants, how much to use or give to the person needing the treatment. He also had to know which season of the year was best to gather certain plants. Roots were usually gathered at the close of the growing season, or before new growth began in the spring. Leaf plants were usually gathered at the time the plant flowered.

As with many things in Indian life, certain mystical rites had to be observed during the collecting of the plants. The four cardinal points were symbolically of great importance to the Indian, and this was true even in the gathering of plants for medicinal use. Four leaves of a particular plant would be gathered, or four roots of another, while the medicine man would face in the four directions, changing a mystical song and offering prayers to the Great Spirit, the protector of life. At times two extra roots or plants would be gathered; these were for the heaven above and for Mother Earth.

Some of the many plants used by the Indians are listed below. It is important to remember that great care was taken in gathering and preparing the plants, and this was done only by those members of the tribe who knew exactly how to safely administer each concoction for its specific purpose.

Arnica (Arnica) has bright yellow flowers which were dried and made into a tea then used by the Southeastern tribes to cure backaches. However, this could be dangerous if not brewed correctly. It was also used to make a wash for sprains and bruises.

Arrowhead (Wapatoo — Sagittaria latifolia) has leaves that look somewhat like an arrowhead, and it has white flowers. The plant was traded between the tribes of northwestern America long before the arrival of the white man and was believed to give one energy.

Arrowroot (Maranta arundinacea) was a plant which gave starch and was used also by the Indians to help absorb poison from arrow wounds.

Balm of Gilead (Populus Candicans) is a type of evergreen tree used by the Indians to relieve head colds. The buds which have a bitter taste were usually boiled, then inhaled.

Bearberry (Arcostaphylos Uva-ursi) is a trailing shrub with small evergreen leaves that was introduced into this country from Europe. This plant has white, pink or red flowers and is also called the kinnikinnick or crowberry. Some tribes mashed the root or bark of the plant, then applied it to mouth ulcers or to relieve sore throats. Some Southeastern American tribes made a tea of its leaves to take for stomach ulcers. It was also used as a flavoring.

Black Cohosh (Cimicifuga racemosa) is found in Eastern America and has small, whitish flowers growing in long clusters. It is also called 'black snakeroot', and the rhizome and roots of this plant were used by the Indians to relieve coughs. Some tribes mixed this with poke root to relieve rheumatism.

Bloodroot (Sanguinaria canadensis) was also called 'red puccoon' and grows in eastern America and along the Mississippi river. It has a fleshy rootstock and a single, pale flower. The plant was used for medicine only under the supervision of the medicine man, as it could be poisonous. The rhizome was collected in the fall when the leaves had withered, then stored for later use. This was also used to stain the skin and to dye implements. Young men used it as a love charm. They would rub some of the roots on their palm and then try to shake hands with the girl of their choice; if successful, it was believed the girl would be willing to marry him five or six days later.

Blue Flag (Iris Versicolor) included various kinds of flowers having blue blossoms. Many tribes used this to cure ailments, and some believed it relieved swelling and pain associated with bruises. Some Indians pulverized the rhizome of this plant, then mixed it with water or saliva and put it into the ear to cure earaches.

Boneset (Eupatorium perfoliatum), with its broad cluster of small white flowers, was sometimes called thoroughworth, agueweed or feverwort. Some tribes used this to reduce colds and fever, while others used it to relieve stomach or body pains. It was given the name "boneset" because it was believed to help set broken bones.

Buttercup (Ranunculus) is a plant with glossy yellow flowers, sometimes called crowfoot. Most members of the buttercup family are poisonous and were used externally. Some tribes in Eastern America pulverized the root, then after soaking them would apply the mixture to cuts or wounds.

Butternut (Juglans cinerea) was also called 'white walnut' and has egg-shaped nuts. Some tribes used this as a cure for digestive disorders, others made a tea of the inner bark for stomach upsets, and there were tribes who used it as a mild laxative. A brown dye was also made of the leaves, bark and unripened fruit.

Catnip (Nepeta cataria), with its somewhat heartshaped scalloped leaves, was used by some of the Eastern tribes as a tea to cure colic. It was also believed to cause sweating and this would cure a cold.

Cardinal Flower (Lobelia cardinalis) grows in Eastern America. Some tribes mixed the scarlet flowers with the Panax and Angelic to make a love charm.

Dandelion (Taraxacum officinale), with its yellow flower, is considered a pesky weed and was introduced from Europe. In times of famine this has been used for food and is highly nutritious. Some Indians used it as a cure for chest pains.

Evening Primrose (Oenothera) has

(continued on page 60)

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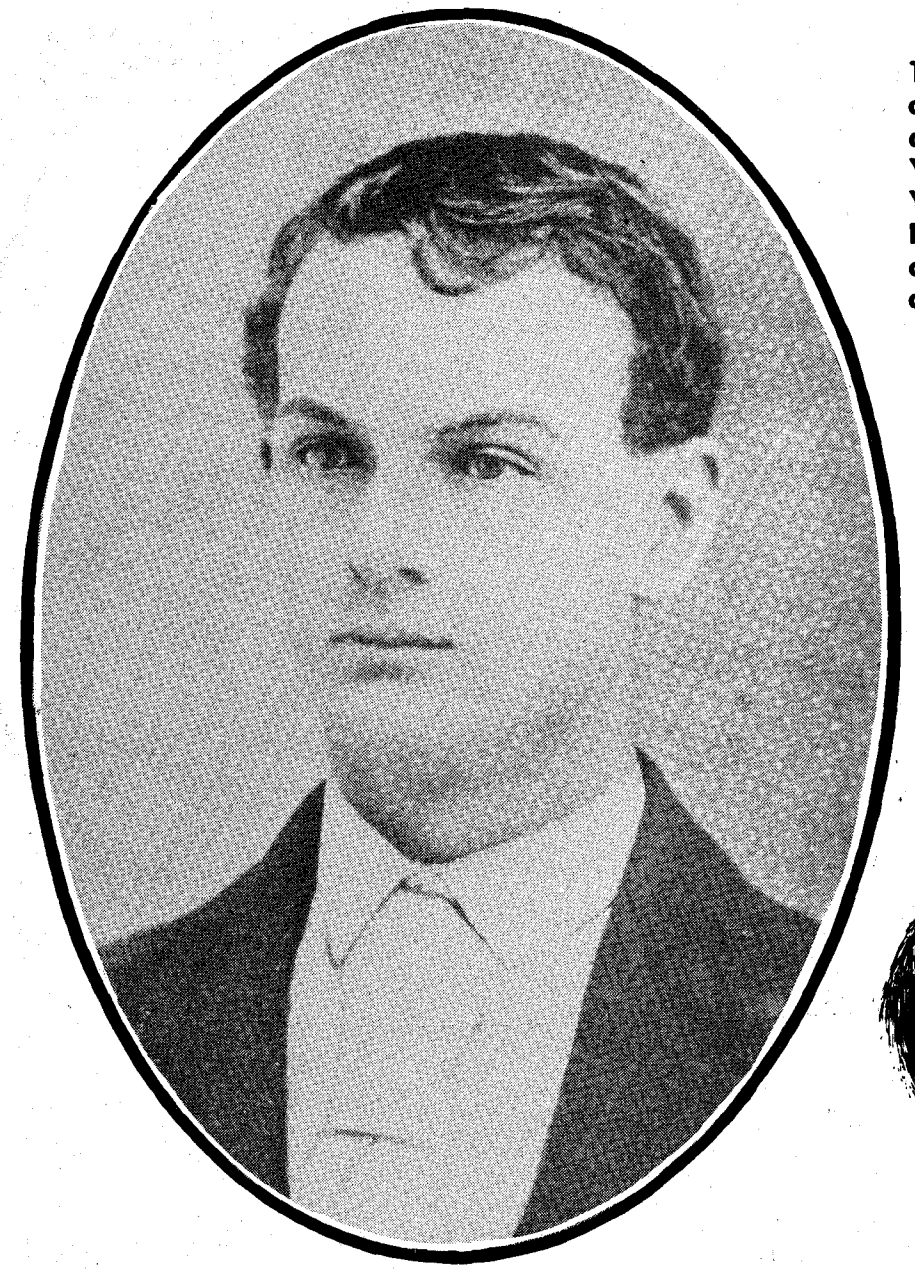
The dramatic and well-documented account of the death of one of the notorious Younger brothers. John Younger died at the hands of a Pinkerton detective but it was a letter from Jesse James that actually led to John Younger's death.



John Younger was killed on March 16, 1874 by detectives.

DEATH OF

By Carl W. Breihan

In the winter of 1874 John Younger returned to Missouri, just after the robbery of the train at Gads Hill, near Piedmont. The Youngers were not connected with this affair until after a publication sent in by Jesse James, which appeared in a Kansas City Newspaper. In the article Jesse mentioned that he, Cole, and John Younger were suspected of participating in that holdup. Cole was often approached about that letter after his capture, but he could give no explanation of their being mentioned therein other than he thought Jesse wanted to have them suspected of the robbery for some reason. Cole often stated that he and Jesse had not been on good terms for some years, even rather cool toward each other before that.

At that time John and Jim Younger were visiting at the home of a friend, Theodorick Snuffer at Monegaw Springs, near Osceola, Missouri. On March 16, 1874 W.J. Allen (in reality Captain Lull, a Pinkerton from Chicago), a St. Louis detective named Wright and a deputy sheriff named Ed Daniels rode out to apprehend Jim and John at the Springs. In order to divert suspicion, as they feared some of the Youngers' friends would tell of their leaving, the officers stated they were going to Roscoe to inspect some cattle that Wright wished to buy. Wright's real name was John Boyle.

The three manhunters spent the night at Roscoe, and

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early on the morning of March 17, 1874 they started for the home of Snuffer, intent on questioning that gentleman as to the whereabouts of the Youngers. While enroute, Wright stopped off to see a friend while Allen and Daniels continued on to the Snuffer home. Strangely enough, as the man hailed the house, Jim and John were inside eating. Always suspicious of strangers, they remained in hiding. The two officers asked Snuffer directions to a certain point, but when the Youngers saw them take another route, they decided to follow and to investigate the two men. In the meantime, Wright had again joined up with Daniels and Allen on the Chalk Level Road, not far from the home. Mr. Snuffer gives the following account of the battle, which he stated was given to him by Jim Younger only several minutes after it took place.

> When the three strangers approached Jim and John Younger in the road, the man named Allen drew his revolver and shot John Younger in the neck, severing the jugular vein. Instantly John fired both barrels of his shotgun into Allen's chest, dropped the gun, drew his own revolver and chased after Daniels and Wright who had fled. Wright had quite a lead but Allen and Daniels were still in the saddle, and when John got close, he fired and killed Daniels. Almost at the same time Allen shot John, Daniels tried to shoot Jim but missed. In escaping Daniels' bullet Jim was thrown from his horse.

G. W. McDonald, who was an eyewitness to the fight, stated that it happened as outlined by Jim to Snuffer and that Allen had fired the first shot. He goes on to state, however, that Wright had fled before the two Youngers disarmed Allen and Daniels and were trying to explain to them how they could not have been implicated in the Gads Hill robbery. McDonald further testified that Allen (Captain Lull) drew the concealed revolver and shot John Younger and that John had killed Daniels with his revolver and had shot Allen with his shotgun. This story differs somewhat with the testimony given by Allen, which we are listing herewith so that the reader may have the opportunity to make his own decision. It might be stated that inasmuch as John was known to be dead, Allen may have stated Jim did the killing of Daniels in order to bring about a more intense search for the living man. However, there is not much evidence of this except that the jury stated they believed Daniels was shot by Jim Younger.

The following article from the Osceola *Democrat*, March 20, 1874 substantiates the author's findings in the death of John Younger.

> The whole community was thrown into excitement on Wednesday morning by the report reaching town that a desperate and bloody battle had been fought near Monegaw, on the road leading from Roscoe to Chalk Level, about three miles from Roscoe, and near the farm of Mr. Theodorick Snuffer, between a couple of United States detectives and John and James Younger, the detectives having along with them as guide, Mr. Ed B. Daniels, a young man of Osceola, who acted at times as a deputy sheriff. One of the detectives, named Wright, made his escape back to Osceola,

Jim Younger who escaped with a flesh wound in the Roscoe gun battle.

and was unable to give full particulars of the fight and its results, but gave it as his opinion that his partner and Daniels had surrendered and would be killed.

Friends of young Daniels at once crossed the river and went a few miles to ascertain what was the result, and soon returned with the information that Ed Daniels and John Younger had been killed and the detective, Allen, mortally wounded, when a hack was procured and sent over to bring the body of Ed Daniels to town, as also the wounded detective. The excitement grew high and Sheriff Johnson thought it best to send out his deputy, Simpson Beckley, with a posse of men and prevent, if possible, (in case there should be anything like a mob visit to the scene of the battlefield) any disturbance. Some half dozen men were at once summoned, but before starting, information was received that the wounded detective had been taken to Roscoe. The sheriff's posse then proceeded to Roscoe, and our special reporter accompanied them with a view of ascertaining full and authentic information of the whole affray.

JOHN YOUNGER

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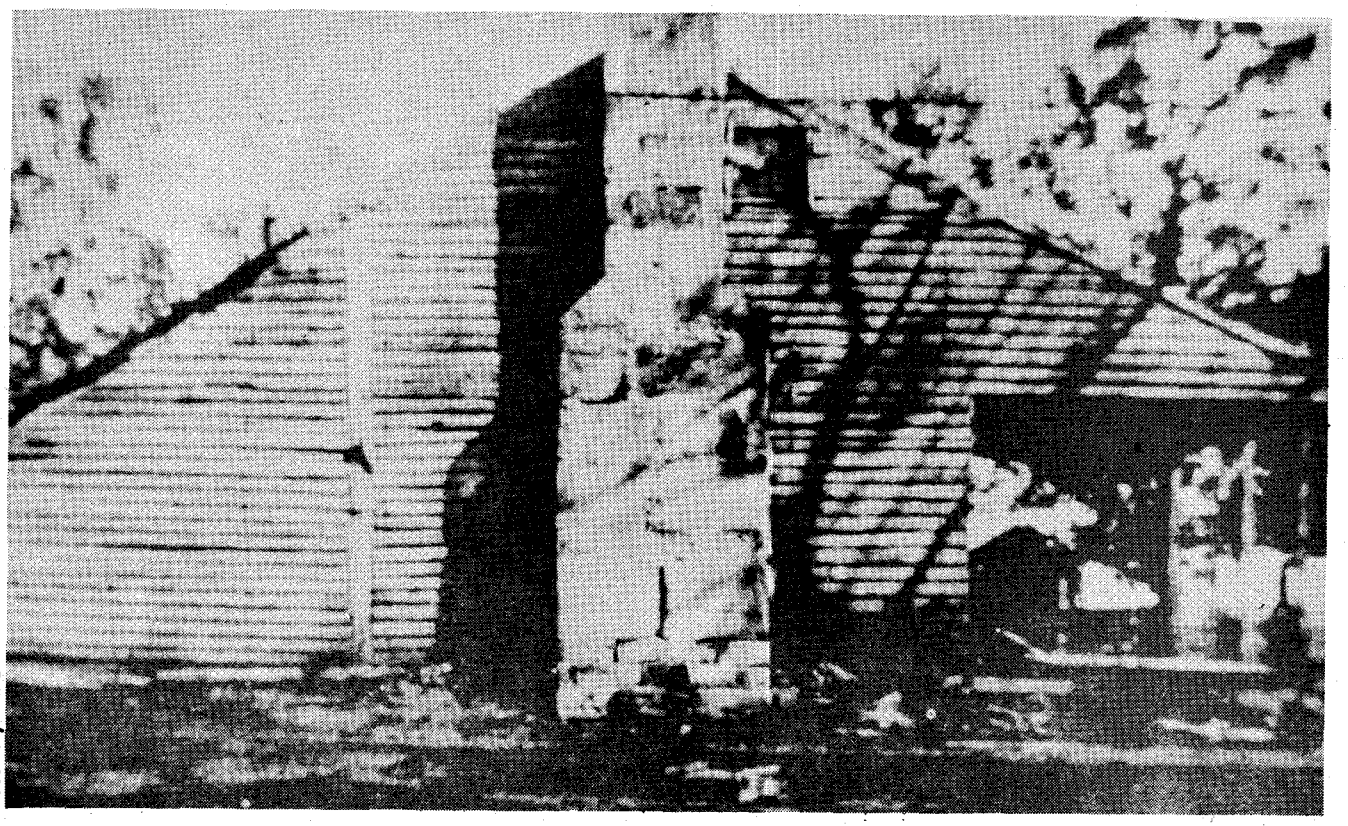

Courtesy Wil Zink

The McFerrin Cabin. The bodies of John Younger and Ed Daniels were taken to this cabin at Osceola, Missouri.

Roscoe was reached about five o'clock in the evening, where we found the wounded detective, Allen, at the Roscoe House under charge of Dr. A.C. Marquis. We found Mr. Allen suffering considerably from his wounds, which consisted of a broken left arm with several buckshot in it, and a pistol shot through the left lung, the ball entering in front and passing through the body, the wound having been caused by being discharged from a large-sized navy revolver. In our interview with him, he stated the same in substance as his evidence before the coroner's jury, which will be found below.

The shooting occurred about three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, the 17th instant, and word was sent to Roscoe the same evening, when some of the citizens of that place went out and staid with the wounded and dead men until Wednesday morning, when Justice St. Clair, of Roscoe, summoned a jury and an inquest was held over the dead bodies, which is here reported in full. The body of Ed Daniels was taken to Osceola and that of John Younger was buried in the afternoon.

We went from Roscoe to the residence of Mr. Snuffer and there learned that the Younger boys, John and James, had come to his residence, about one half hour previous to the appearance of the detectives and young Daniels, they, the Youngers, eating dinner at the time they passed. After eating their dinner, John Younger remarked to his brother that they would follow those men and see who they were, stating at the time that he supposed they were detectives, and when they caught up with them the battle commenced, as reported below.

We passed over the battle ground, and must confess we were surprised to find it the place it is, as, from the reports, as well as from the evidence of both detectives as to having been taken by surprise, we are at a loss to see how such a thing was possible. It is to be presumed that the detectives were on the watch, as they certainly knew the character of the men they were after. The ground is a beautiful grove, thinly studded with small trees, without underbrush or leaves on the trees, and anyone approaching could readily be seen for three or four hundred yards.

Mr. Alva Wycoff, of Appleton City, a gentleman of prominence and highly respected, went to the house of Mr. Snuffer on Wednesday night and learned all the particulars, and when we met him Thursday morning he assured us that there need be no fears of mobbing, so far as the citizens or that portion of the county were concerned, as it would be left to the detectives, in whom they had full confidence.

The body of Ed Daniels was deposited in its last resting place, in the cemetery, this Friday morning.

Dr. Marquis thinks there is a probability that the detective, Allen, will recover from his wounds, although they are severe. The citizens of Roscoe are giving the wounded man every attention possible. A dispatch was sent to Chicago on Thursday for his wife to come on.

The following is the evidence before the coroner's inquest, held on the bodies of Edward Daniels and John Younger.

W. J. Allen, being duly sworn, testified as follows:

"Yesterday about half past two o'clock, the 17th day of March, 1874, E.B. Daniels and myself were riding along the road from Roscoe to Chalk Level, which road runs past the house of one Theodorick Snuffer, and about three miles from the town of Roscoe, and in St. Clair Coun-

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ty, Missouri. Daniels and myself were riding side by side, and Wright a short distance ahead of us; some noise behind us attracted our attention, and we looked back and saw two men on horseback coming towards us, and one was armed with a double barrel shotgun, the other with revolvers; don't know if the other had a shotgun or not; the one had the shotgun cocked, both barrels, and ordered us to halt; Wright drew his pistol and put spurs to his horse and rode off; they ordered him to halt, and shot at him and shot off his hat but he kept on riding.

"Daniels and myself stopped, standing across the road seated on our horses; they rode up to us and ordered us to take off our pistols and drop them in the road, the one with the gun covering me all the time with the gun. We dropped our pistols to the ground, and one of the men told the other to follow Wright and bring him back, but he refused to go, saying that he would stay with him; one of the men picked up the revolvers we had dropped, and looked at them, remarked they were damn fine pistols, and they must make them a present of them; one of them then asked me where we came from, and I said from Osceola; he then wanted to know what we were doing in this part of the country; I replied, rambling around.

"One of them said, you were up here one day before; I replied that we had been at the Springs, but had not been inquiring for them, that we did not know them, and they said detectives had been up there hunting for them all the time, and they were going to stop it. Daniels then said, I am no detective; I can show you who I am and where I belong; and one of them said he knew him, and then turned to me and said, what in hell are you riding around here with all them pistols for? and I said, Good God! Is not every man wearing them that is traveling and have I not as much right to wear them as anyone else? and the one that had the shotgun said, Hold on, young man, we don't want any of that, and then lowered the gun, cocked, in a threatening manner; then Daniels had some talk with him; and one of them got off his horse and picked up the pistols; two of them were mine and one Daniels'; the one mounted had the gun drawn on me, and I concluded that they intended to kill us.

I reached my hand behind me and drew a No. 2 Smith & Wesson pistol and cocked it and fired at the one on horseback, and my horse frightened at the report of the pistol and turned to run, I heard two shots and my left arm fell, and then I had no control over my horse, and he jumped into the bushes and the trees checked his speed, and I tried to get hold of the rein with my right hand to bring him into the road; one of the men rode by me and fired two shots at me; one of which took effect in my left side, and I lost control of my horse and he turned into the brush and a small tree struck me and knocked me out of the saddle. I then got up and staggered across the road and lay down until I was found. No one else was present.

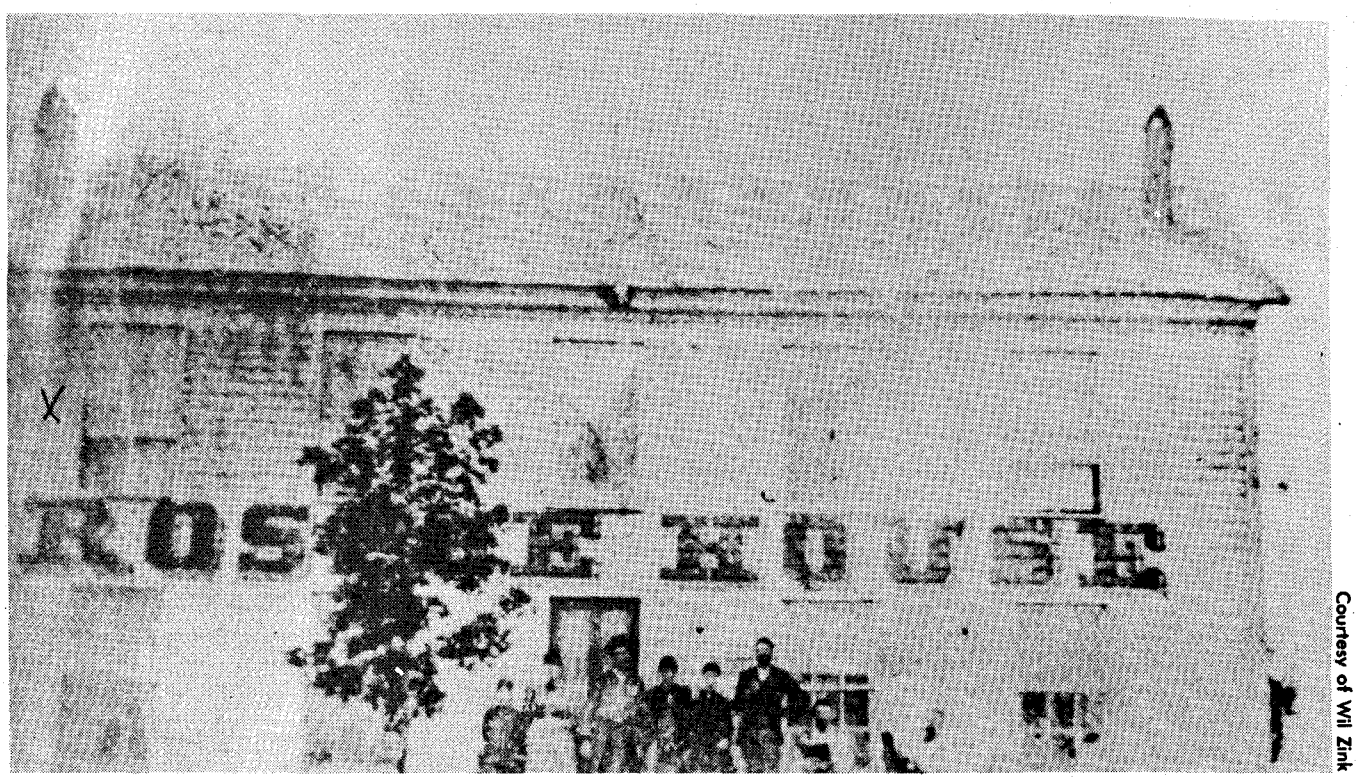
W. J. Allen

Subscribed and sworn to, before me, this 18th day of March, 1874.

James St. Clair."

Testimony of John McFarrin, whose house was a short distance from the scene of the skirmish, and in whose house John Younger was carried.

I heard a shot a couple of hundred yards from my house, and I found out after the first shot that it was John and James Younger; after the first shot they ceased firing for some time, and then



Courtesy of Wil Zink

Roscoe House at Roscoe, Missouri where Capt. Lull was taken after the gun battle with John Younger.

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Courtesy of Wil Zink

Monegaw Hotel as it appeared in 1872, two years before the gun battle in which John Younger was killed.

commenced again, but I had not seen any of the parties; but after several shots had been fired, another man, who I did not know, come down the road, and I think they were both shooting at one another; I am certain that John Younger was shooting at the other man; he continued to run down the road east of here; I think John Younger passed the man in the grey horse here; about the time John Younger passed I saw him sink on his horse, as if going to fall; don't know what became of him afterwards; then Younger turned to come west and began to sink, and then fell off his horse; then James Younger came down here afoot to where John Younger was laying and the horse that John Younger was riding, and that was the last I saw of James Younger.

John McFarrin (X)

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 18th day of March, 1874.

James St. Clair, J.P."

Testimony of Theodorick Snuffer

The men came to my house and inquired the way to Mrs. Sims; the third man came along afterwards and overtook them; the two Youngers, John and James, after they had passed, followed the men; I saw James Younger after the fight; he told me that John Younger was dead; that they had killed one of the men and that one other had been wounded and got away; that they had wounded Allen; that Allen had a pistol secreted and fired the first shot.

Theodorick Snuffer

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 18th day of March, 1874.

James St. Clair, J.P."

Testimony of G. W. McDonald

John Younger fell from his horse; James Younger came running up to where John had fallen and called me to him; he then turned him (John Younger) over and took some revolvers off of him, and a watch and something else out of his pockets; I do not know what else; I saw John Younger and another man shooting at each other when the first firing commenced; I think James Younger took four revolvers off of John Younger, his brother; he threw one over the fence and told me to keep it; he then told me to catch a horse and go down and tell Snuffer's folks.

G. W. McDonald

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 18th day of March, 1874.

James St. Clair, J.P."

Testimony of the attending physicians.

All we know concerning the death of the two men, being the same that the inquest is being held over, is that one, John Younger, came to his death from the effects of gunshot wound, which entered the right side of his neck, touching the clavical bone, on the upper side, and about two inches from the meridian, went nearly straight through the neck; the orifice is small, indicating that he was shot with a small ball. The other man, Edwin B. Daniels, came to his death from the effects of a gunshot wound, which entered the left side of the neck about one inch from the meridian line, and about midway of the neck, opposite the aesophagus, and as per examination, went nearly through the neck, striking the bone; the orifice was pretty large, indicating that the ball was of a pretty large size.

A C. Marquis, M. D.
L. Lewis, M. D.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 18th day of March, 1874.

James St. Clair, J.P."

The following men composed the coroner's jury, with A. Ray, as foreman: A. Ray, G. W. Cox, J. Davis, W. Holmes, R. C. Gill, and H. Gleason. Their verdict was as follows:

We, the jury, find that John Younger came to his death by a pistol shot, supposed to have been in the hands of W. J. Allen.

A. Ray, Foreman.

We, the jury, find that Ed B. Daniels came to his death by a pistol shot, supposed to have been fired by the hand of James Younger.

A. Ray, Foreman

With uncanny luck Jim Younger escaped with a minor flesh wound above the thigh bone, inflicted by Daniels before John shot him.

The body of John Younger was first buried in a shallow grave under a large cedar tree near the Snuffer home where it would be guarded. The spot was covered with leaves and tree branches to conceal the fresh earth.

(continued on page 62)

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Thomas A. Frazier

We've accumulated numerous questions concerning the make-up and character of the U. S. Army employed in fighting the Indians after the Civil War. Judging by the movies and television, it would seem that the soldiers were all American natives. Not so, however; there were so many men from foreign nations that the Army of that period has been compared to the French Foreign Legion. There were Americans, of course, but there were also Irish; Germans, British and French (and these four were the most numerous of the foreign recruits), along with Italians, Spanish, Russians, Scandinavians, and others.

Their reasons for joining were as numerous as their origins: Some, ironically, had fled Europe to avoid conscription, only to don the blue when they got here. Some were genuine soldiers of fortune. Some were Union veterans, and some were ex-Confederates who had left their impoverished Southland. Some were ex-Confederates who, as prisoners of war, had volunteered to fight the Indians under the Union flag simply to escape the deadening monotony of prison, in many cases before the Civil War had ended.

Many of the noncommissioned officers had been officers during the War, reduced in rank when the War ended and our armed forces were diminished. There were numerous and efficient negro troops, called "buffalo soldiers" by the Indians. Then there were the "snow birds" who enlisted in early winter for food and shelter and deserted in the spring. The West was wide, and recapture, in most cases, was difficult and expensive. Then, of course, there were the civilian and Indians scouts, contract surgeons, packers and teamsters. A polyglot group, surely.

Q. I have a book titled "Story of the Wild West and Campfire Chats" by Buffalo Bill. What do you know about authorship, authenticity, rarity, etc.? R. Bonker, Fort Myers, Fla.

A. We quote from SIX-GUNS AND SADDLE LEATHER, a bibliography of Books and Pamphlets on Western Outlaws and Gunmen, by Ramon F. Adams (1969, University of Oklahoma Press): "A full and complete history of the renowned pioneer quartet, Boone, Crockett, Carson and Buffalo Bill's conquest of England with wild west exhibition ... Richmond, Va., B.F. Johnson and Co. (1888) Cloth. Scarce."

It would seem that your copy is a reprint, since the Johnson Co. was the original publisher. It may be of some value to a particular collector. And, as Adams says of all of Cody's books, "Most of Cody's books were ghost-written ..." He naturally capitalized on his fame and popularity and was paid a percentage for the use of his name. No doubt the details of his exhibition in England were provided by him.

Q. Do you know where I can get some authentic pictures or reproductions of Jesse James or relatives? A. Beaudet, Rumford, Maine.

A. Most books on Jesse contain photographs, and these pictures usually bear credits. Some of them are in the business of providing these pictures, but it is usually expensive. The best book on Jesse, generally acknowledged, is THE RISE AND FALL OF JESSE JAMES by Robertus Love (G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1926.) There are good photos in this. Your library either has it or can get it for you. Failing that, try a book finder company.

Q. I was quite dismayed to read that my hero, Jim Bowie, was a slave trader. Is this true? V. Stein, Carlsbad, N.M.

A. Yes, he was, but not as a lifetime profession. Old Jim had no objection to a profit and at one time bought slaves from the pirate, Jean Lafitte, at $1.00 per pound (average $140.00) and smuggled them into the cotton states for $500 to $1000 each. Lafitte at that time operated from the Galveston area.

Q. How and when did Geronimo die? L. Tully, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

A. Geronimo died in February, 1909, from pneumonia contracted after falling drunk from his horse and laying out all night on the cold ground.

Q. Please settle an argument. I say ranching is American. Right? P. Frazier, Lexington, Ky.

A. Sorry, wrong. Ranching and the western cattle business comes from the Spanish and the Mexicans.

Q. Did the Indians make any use of the cacti that grow so profusely? M. Lowney, Biloxi, Miss.

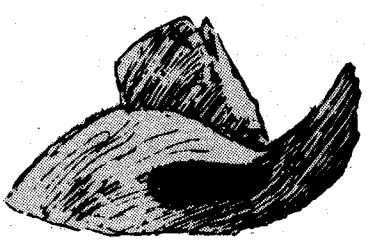
A. Yes, not only the Indians but the early white settlers. One cactus in particular, the yucca, also known as soapweed and Spanish bayonet, proved very valuable. The bright flowers, stalks, fruit and seeds are edible raw or cooked. The leaf fibers, leached out, can be woven into a fine linenlike cloth. The roots yield a detergent useful in doing your laundry.

Q. In addition to serving as fighters in World War II, you should tell your readers of another significant contribution the Indian made to the war effort — if you know, that is. P.W. Hawk, Carlsbad, N.M.

A. We do know, and are glad to publicize it. During the War the clever Japanese broke our codes with ease. Even pig Latin was no problem for them. Then the authorities remembered the 3,500 Navajos serving in the Army, and soon the radios were filled with orders in Navajo. It was a great success, as Navajo was probably the only language the Japanese never learned.

Q. Someone told me the Western hat wasn't Western. Comment, please. V. Bowley, Mankato, Minn.

A. True. The Western hat, the famous Stetson, came from Philadelphia. In addition, the Colt revolver came from Connecticut, the Yacht brand lariat from Plymouth, Mass., and the favorite Fish brand yellow slicker from Gloucester, Mass.



Q. I read once a description of corn likker by Irvin Cobb. Can you find it and print it? D. Soucy, Manhattan, Kansas.

A. We found it, and it's by Irwin (not Irvin) S. Cobb.

"It smells like gangrene starting in a mildewed silo, it tastes like the wrath to come, and when you absorb a deep swig of it you have all the sensations of having swallowed a lighted kerosense lamp. A sudden, violent jolt of it has been known to stop the victim's watch, snap his suspenders and crack his glass eye right across."

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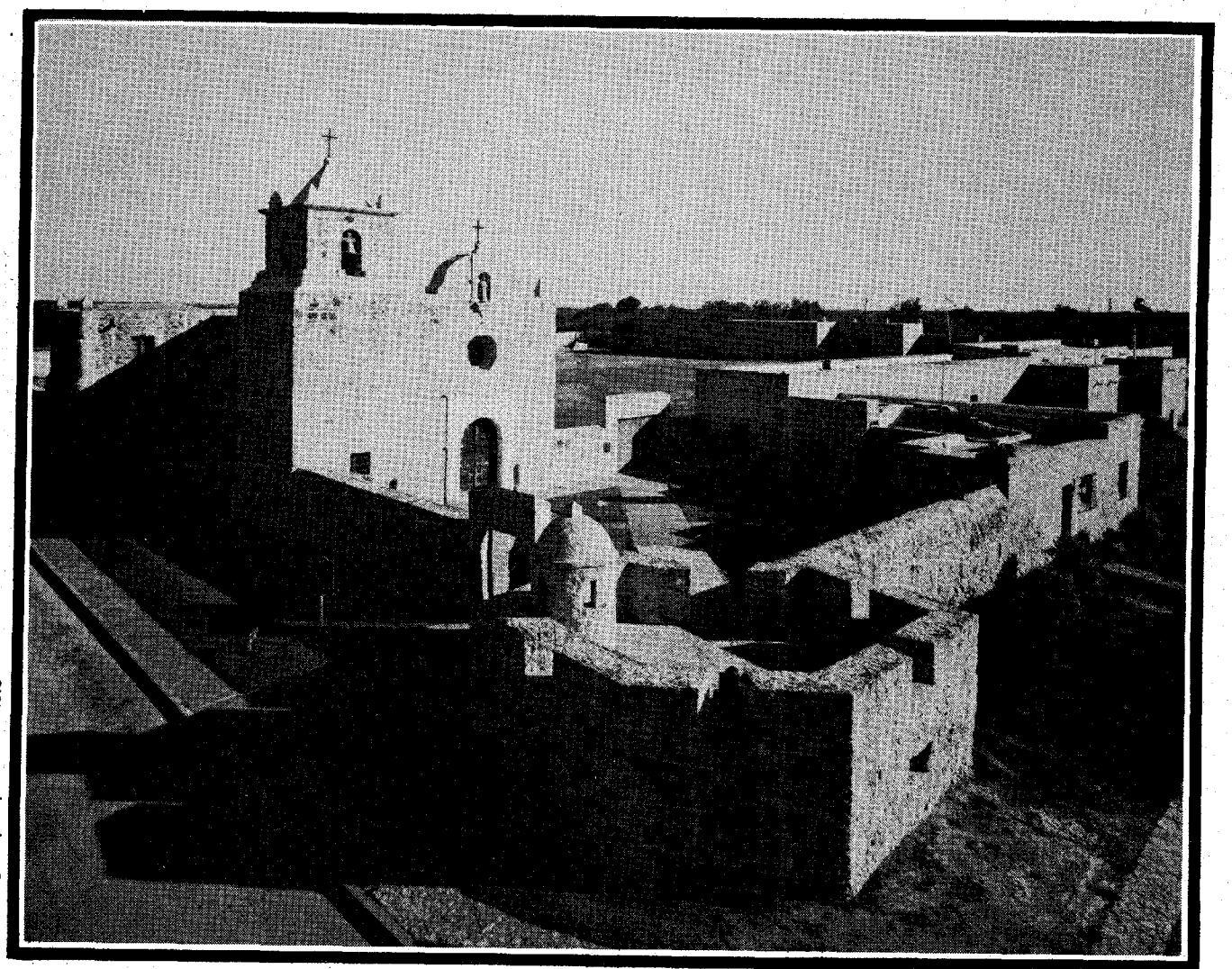
REMEMBER GOLIAD

By Louise Cheney



Texas Highway Department Photo

Presidio La Bahia, Goliad, Texas. The Spanish presidio (fort) was established in 1749 to protect the nearby mission of Espiritu Santo.

When Sam Houston's army launched the epic charge at San Jacinto that won freedom for Texas, one of its battle cries was "Remember Goliad". It was at Goliad, less than a month before, that a band of brave Texans had been massacred in cold blood after being taken prisoner by the Mexican forces of General Urreau. And to this day the site of the Goliad massacre remains a Texas shrine.

Goliad and its surroundings are saturated in history, much of it bloody. There stand the remains of the Presidio La Bahia and the mission Nuestra Senora del Espiritu Santo de Zuniga, established by the Spanish in the early eighteenth century. First built in 1722 near Matagorda Bay, the two edifices stood on the very site of La Salle's ill-fated Fort St. Louis. The savagery of the coastal Indians forced the Spanish soldiers and friars to relocate in 1726 on the Guadalupe River. And 23 years later (in 1749) they moved again, this time to a spot on the San Antonio River less than fifty miles above Copano Bay on the Texas coast. This is the site of the present-day town of Goliad, Texas.

Perched on a rock-ribbed summit overlooking the river, the fortress of La Bahia came to occupy a position to Spanish rule in Texas comparable to Gibraltar in the Mediterranean. Meanwhile, Espiritu developed into one of the most important ranches in Texas, possessing by 1774 over 15,000 head of cattle. Many Indians were quartered in the masonry building of the mission, which consisted of a huge granary, living quarters for the friars, a chapel for services, and a long edifice divided into numerous rooms.

La Bahia and Espiritu prospered until 1778 when an order came from Spain declaring all unbranded cattle the property of the Royal Treasury. During the next decade the herds were dras-

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tically reduced, with over 30,000 head driven out. Many bovines were killed for their hide and tallow alone, which brought a high price at that time. From time to time herds were driven into the Province of Louisiana to be sold. Espiritu fell into decline, and eventually the discouraged padres returned to Mexico.

But blood was yet to be shed at the mission and the fort. By 1810 Mexico had begun her struggle against Spanish rule, and a few years later, American adventurers were attempting to take over Texas, with La Bahia as a base. Two of the filibusters, McGee and Guiterrez, gained control of the fortress in 1812 with a force of three hundred men but were quickly brought under siege. For four weary months the battle between the Spaniards and the Americans dragged on. McGee died, and in the end Guiterrez suffered complete defeat.

James Perry, a survivor of the McGee expedition, returned five years later for a second try at La Bahia, but realizing that he faced capture by the Spanish forces, he shot himself. A few years later, in 1821, Dr. James Long led a successful assault on La Bahia but was later defeated and taken prisoner after a one-day stand. He was shot and killed by a Mexican sentry soon after his release.

Texas Highway Department Photo

Interior view of the old Presidio, La Bahia, established in 1749. It was here that Fannin's men were massacred in 1836 during the Texas Revolution.

Soon after the Republic of Mexico was established, Stephen F. Austin brought his American colonists to Texas under the impresario system, and La Bahia became a flourishing trading spot on the route to the interior. But by 1835 trouble was flaring between the colonists and their Mexican rulers. On October 9 of that year, a force led by Captain George M. Collinsworth and Ben Milam marched on La Bahia and took it without a single casualty. The fortress was well stocked with several cannon, a few hundred muskets and ten thousand dollars worth of food and supplies. From La Bahia Milam recruited a company of Americans and took San Antonio from General Cos. The epic struggle for Texas freedom was in progress. Meanwhile (in 1829) the name of La Bahia had been changed to Goliad by the legislatures of Cohuila and Texas.

After the capture of the fortress, Phillip Dimmit was placed in command. On December 20, 1835 Dimmit and his men, who were, for the most part, Irishmen, marched to the parade grounds of the fortress and declared Texas free of Mexico under the Goliad Declaration of Independence; they raised the very first flag of Texas over the garrison — a white emblem showing a bloody hand holding a sword. However, it was not until March 2, 1836 that the formal Declaration of Independence for Texas was signed at Washington-on-the-Brazos by the Texas Constitutional Convention. By this time Colonel James W. Fannin and his troops had taken over La Bahia.

The Alamo had fallen to Santa Anna on March 6, 1836, and a strong force of Mexican soldiers under General Urreau was marching toward Goliad. Fannin was determined to hold the fortress of La Bahia, and he set his men to work preparing for a siege. Then came orders from General Sam Houston Commander-in-Chief of the Texas Army of Independence, to blow up La Bahia and retreat to Victoria. Fannin delayed for some reason, and when he began his march out of the Fortress on March 19, it was too late. Near the old fortress on an open prairie Fannin was intercepted and surrounded by Urreau's superior forces.

The Texans took refuge in a hollow square, and by nightfall many Texans lay dead or wounded. The next morning, the Texans who were still alive were chagrined to see fresh troops with two cannon join Urreau's forces. In the face of hopeless odds Fannin requested and was granted an honorable surrender. He and his troops were marched to Espiritu and jammed in the old mission.

After a week in their crowded prison, Fannin's men were marched a short distance from La Bahia and executed. The Colonel (Fannin) was accorded the "honor" of dying before a firing squad. This outrage, known as the "Goliad Massacre", brought to an end the violence at the old fortress. After the victorious end of the war for Texas, the remains of Fannin and his men were gathered and reverently buried in a common grave in the shadow of La Bahia. Today a fitting monument guarded by two cannon stands above their resting place.

Espiritu has been fully restored and is located on U.S. 77A in the Goliad State Park. In the park also stands a museum housing documents, artifacts, old cannon with wooden wheels and the original flag of Goliad. Just across the river on a rocky crag stands La Bahia. Only one part of the old fortress is in use today: the Chapel which serves as a church.

The mission and the old fortress are reminders of Spanish colonization and two epic struggles for freedom. Through them have passed men of many nations — the black robed padres, Indians, the French traders, English sailors, Spanish and Mexican troops, American settlers and filibusters. They provide ample cause to "Remember Goliad!" ● **RW**

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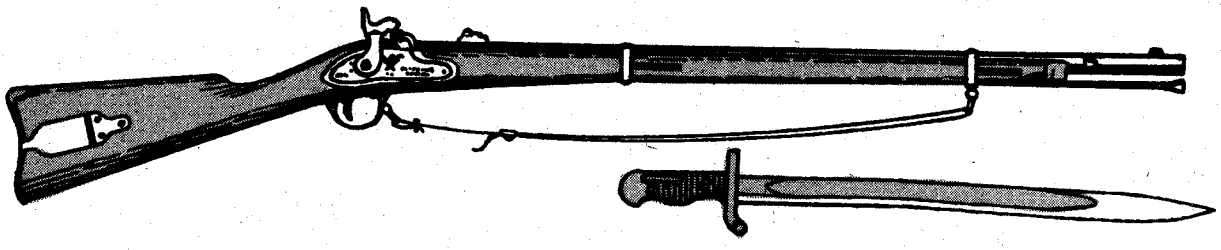
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



UNITED STATES RIFLE, MODEL 1863

Among the many military firearms that went to the western frontier after the close of the Civil War, one of the more popular ones was the "Zouave" rifle.

This was the United States Rifle, Model 1863. It is currently known as the "Zouave Rifle" by collectors and shooters due to its wide use by the Zouave regiments of the Federal Army in the Civil War. These special volunteer units were made up of selected men who were particularly good marksmen and were unusually expert in intricate drill maneuvers. Each Zouave regiment designed its own distinctive uniform based upon the picturesque garb of the original Zouaves, who were Algerian soldiers of the French army.

These uniforms had an oriental flavor, featuring many bright colors, embroidered vests, very baggy pantaloons, white leggings and rakish turbans or kepis.

It was natural that such colorful troops would favor an attractive rifle. The M1863 had a hand-rubbed walnut stock, blued barrel, lock in case-hardened colors and gleaming brass furniture (butt plate, trigger guard, etc.). No issue rifle in our history has had more visual appeal.

However, the M1863 had more than looks. It was shorter and better balanced than the M1861 and other rifle-muskets issued to conventional infantry units. Being almost the last percussion rifle in our military history, it represented the highest development of that type of firearm. Instead of the slender triangular bayonet, this used a saber bayonet which doubled as an effective sidearm.

It must have been an awe-inspiring sight — the charge of the Zouaves! The determination of such picked troops — the brilliant hues of the uniforms — the waves of gleaming saber bayonets in the sun — and over it all, their regimental battle cry. On more than one occasion when they reached their objective, their opponents had remembered a previous engagement elsewhere!

There were gallant Confederate Zouave units also, but it was the Yanks who used this rifle model.

The M1863 was manufactured under government contract by Remington, which accounts for its excellence. Remington was by far the biggest private contractor in the Civil War, with total contracts of $2,837,332.26.

The Zouave rifle had a 33-inch barrel, rifled for the standard .58 caliber paper cartridge.

This paper cylinder contained a .58 Minie bullet in one end and 60 grains of black powder in the other, with the end folded over. This end was usually torn open with the teeth and the powder poured down the barrel. The Minie bullet was then inserted, base

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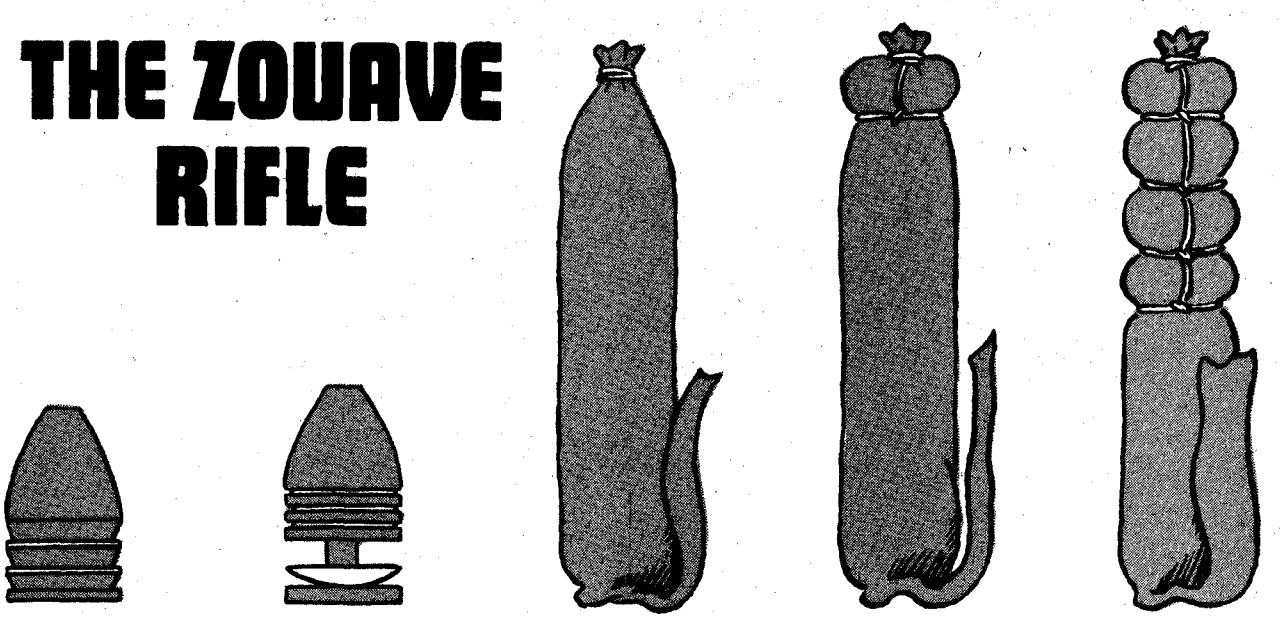
THE ZOUAVE RIFLE



58 MINIE BULLET | WILLIAMS BULLET | MINIE CARTRIDGE | BUCK AND BALL CARTRIDGE | BUCKSHOT CARTRIDGE

Sketched by author

down, and pushed home with the ramrod. A percussion cap of musket size was placed upon the nipple, and the rifle was ready to fire.

There was a folding-leaf rear sight for various ranges. A supplemental front signt — a globe type with cross hairs — was carried in the patch box for the more precise shooting. The design allowed the rifle to be fired either with the bayonet on or off.

The story goes that a physical examination for infantry service consisted of one question: Did the prospect have at least one upper tooth and one lower tooth which came together? Without that, he could not bite the end off a Minie rifle cartridge!

The Minie bullet was cast from soft, pure lead. It had a deep hollow in the base, which caused it to expand into the rifling grooves upon the explosion of the gunpowder. It was undersize when loaded, so that loading was usually easy even with a fouled bore, up to a point. When fouling built up too much, a "Williams" bullet was fired next.

This was a special bullet with a cupped zinc disc attached to the base. When fired, this disc flattened out and scraped the bore clean as it emerged. It certainly beat scrubbing a rifle bore in the middle of a fight!

Paper cartridges were generally issued in packages of ten. Often among these ten would be one williams cartridge, in blue or red paper for easy identification. Sometimes there was included a buckshot cartridge for repelling a charge at close quarters. This was readily identified by the difference in outside shape. A supply of percussion caps would be in each cartridge package.

Controlled tests of a Zouave rifle have produced perfect scores on a man-size paper target at 500 yards, and it was often used up to 1,000 yards. By comparison, a smoothbore musket was limited to 150 yards and a round-ball rifle to 300.

This kind of accuracy, with the smash of a 500-grain conical bullet, made the Minie rifles popular after the war.

The compact Zouave was especially favored by many veterans who headed west. The 60-grain service charge of powder was raised to 75 grains, giving flatter trajectory and extra power on such game as bison. As the westward migration increased, a sleek Zouave rode to new adventures across the pommel of many a saddle!

This last of the great muzzle loaders has been chosen to be reproduced for today's black powder shooters by several leading manufacturers. One of these is Navy Arms Co. If you are interested in the challenge of a new sport, send a buck for their big catalog. Address is 689 Bergen Blvd., Ridgefield, N.J. 07657. ●RW

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PIONEER DENVER WAS LAWLESS

by Clarence M. Fink

In Denver's early days, some residents had itchy trigger-fingers but everyone in Denver had an itch in general. This was caused by a deficiency in milk products, fresh vegetables, and probably nervousness about the high crime rate. Whatever the reason, crime flourished in The Mile-High City.

State Historical Society of Colorado

William Newton Byers, courageous editor of the ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS who defied criminals in early Denver.

Lawlessness was the way of life in early Denver. If this in itself wasn't enough to keep the good citizens from suffering high blood pressure, they were plagued constantly with a persistent skin ailment that kept the residents scratching furiously day and night with a burning sensation of the skin. This was caused by the lack of fresh vegetables and dairy products, which created a vitamin deficiency.

It got so bad that the usual "Good Morning!" in greeting was universally changed to "How is your itch?" The lack of fresh greens and butter sent many a good Denverite to a saloon for a stiff drink to quiet his nerve ends, or to a doctor for a pint of calamine lotion to soothe his skin.

The degeneration of law and order in this frontier town created alternate waves of lawlessness that regularly staggered the jittery inhabitants. Denver was the main supply center of the rough-and-ready gold mining camps,

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State Historical Society of Colorado

James P. Beckworth, squaw man and friend of W. Byers, prevented an Indian uprising in Denver.

and free gold always attracts the criminal type. In these roistering mountain camps there was a cold-blooded disregard for life.

But if crime was at a high level, so were the profits of most Denver merchants who supplied food, lumber, hardware, clothing, booze, horses and wagons to the local townspeople and boom towns. Money rang a merry tune in their cash boxes, so much so that they hated to spend any "wasted" time away from their places of business. Time was money, and one entrepreneur was in such a hurry that he hung a sign outside his store which read: "Gone to bury my wife. Back in half an hour!"

Any law-abiding citizen or stranger in Denver was a fair target for the riffraff of the town. On February 1 of 1860, a nefarious incident was written into the annals of misdeeds in Denver history. It all started innocently enough when a rancher, who raised wild but plump turkeys, residing near Bent's Fort decided to dispose of this desirable bird-food-on-legs, hoping to sell them to appreciative customers in town. Stopping at Wootton's Saloon to clear the dust from his throat, the rancher left his load of turkeys unguarded while he went to solicit buyers for his wing-beating, loud-voiced cargo.

Across the street in a gaming house sat a bored town tough, Chuck-a-luck Bull Harvey, and three of his restless henchmen passing the time away playing cards. Through the window he idly watched the turkey rancher secure his wagon and leave. Then suddenly his vicious mind raced rapidly into evil action. Knowing that Denver was starved for fresh meat, here, he thought, was indeed a good opportunity for stealing enough for a fine stake for future poker games. Involving his eager companions in his scheme, Harvey put the plan into immediate action. The quartet raced outside, released the mule team and climbed aboard the valuable vehicle. Harvey seized the reins and gave a yell which started the turkeys squawking fiercely as the wagon raced headlong down the street toward the river, scattering unwary pedestrians like grazing chickens.

With cocked and waving pistols the four thieves threatened anyone who tried to interfere. The noisy, careening conveyance attracted numerous people on the board walk. One person, William Middaugh, knew them by sight and reputation, recognized the entire group and guessed that a robbery was in progress. Word got back to Harvey through the crime grapevine that Middaugh was a witness to the entire affair and had given immediate alarm to William Byers, editor of the *Rocky Mountain News*. Byers, a crusader against crime, alerted the local militia of "Jefferson Rangers" of which he was a major to search and capture the thieves.

Knowing the whereabouts of Middaugh, Harvey left his prize load of feathered stock with his henchmen and stalked his informer hurriedly and fired a shot at him that narrowly missed. At the same moment, the mounted Jefferson Rangers appeared on the scene and forced the would-be killer to retreat quickly and hide carefully. Marshal Tom Pollack, the muscular lawman-blacksmith, having heard of the robbery, retrieved his gun at home and was on his way back through town when he blundered into Harvey in a dark alley. The turkey robber, gun in hand, poked it into the surprised officer's midriff.

More angered than scared, the intrepid peace officer berated Harvey in a foghorn voice that was deeply loud and carried a great distance. With his nerves on edge for his failure to complete his robbery with success and without interruption, the bird thief suddenly panicked and ran away in the darkness, figuring that a load of turkeys wasn't worth dying for. His partners in crime, frustrated at all the hullabaloo created by their efforts, abandoned their prearranged plan for the turkeys and melted into the shadows for safety, leaving the fowl loaded up for grabs to any other thieves who might be foolhardy enough to associate themselves with this hot gobbling merchandise. But though the authorities made a careful search for the birds, the turkeys were never recovered.

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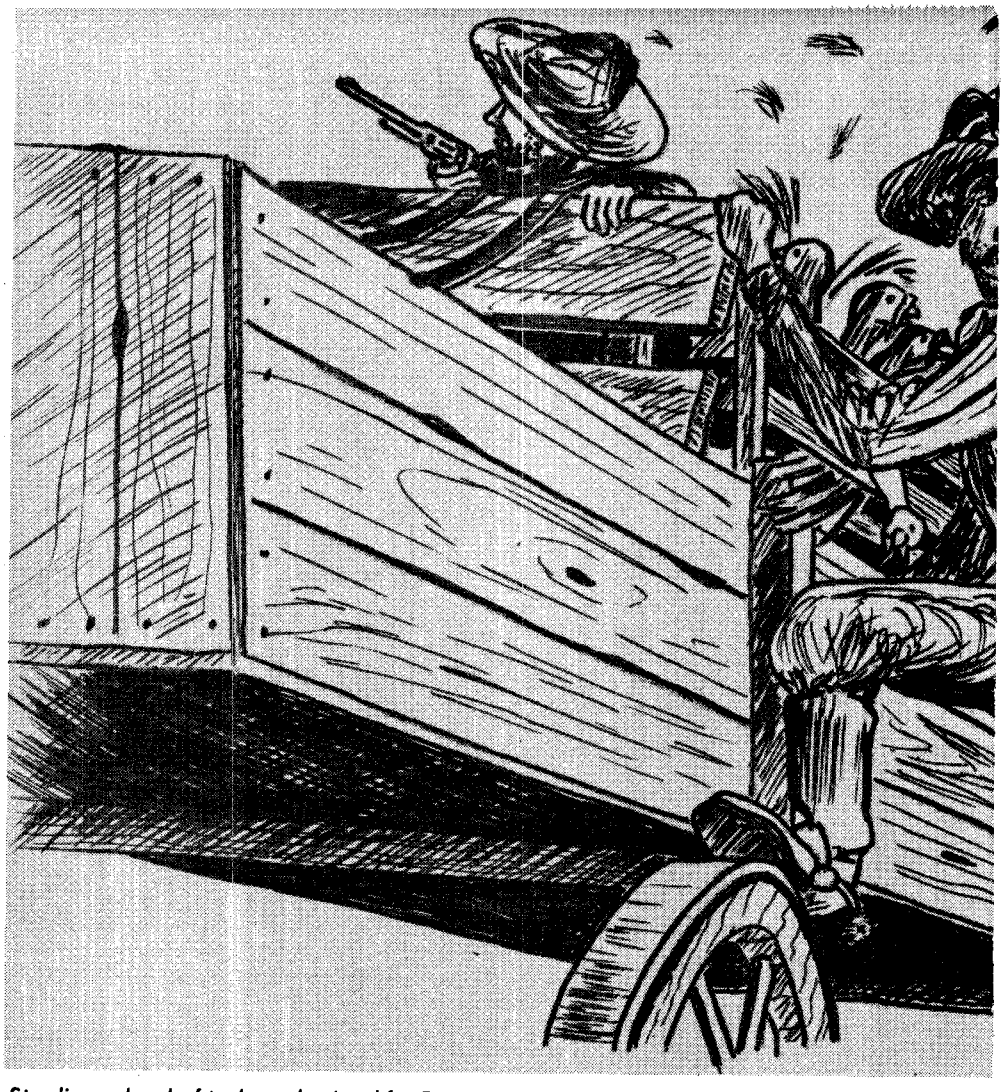
Though the culprits of the affair remained free, a court trial was arranged to fix the proper blame on those guilty of the act sworn to by Middaugh and other fearless witnesses, resulting in the court's banning the four thieves from Denver. Harvey stewed in the juice of frustration for three weeks in his hide-out, plotting various kinds of revenge he would take against his enemies who had convicted him. Then one day he and George Steele boldly rode into town. On their way, they saw the Indian warriors ride out of their village, leaving only the women, children and old men to occupy it. Proceeding on to the nearest saloon, the duo inflamed their hatred on rotgut spirits to a high degree against Middaugh, other witnesses, and all Denverites in general.

Never Indian lovers at any time, the two vicious riders decided on their return route to take their hate out on the defenseless redskin encampment. With no one to stop them, the vicious men beat up the weak, elderly redskins, and with this lone threat to them removed, the corrupt couple criminally attacked the women of their choice, stole horses, and generally disrupted the daily life of the unprotected village. This vile act broke a 40-year-old pact of friendly association between the whites and their Indian neighbors.



Stealing a load of turkeys destined for Denver started Bill Hargey on a career of crime that almost started an Indian war.

When news of the sinful assault reached Denver, many of the citizens' first thoughts were of reprisals in the way of Indian massacres, murders, and the burning of houses. Native uprising on the frontier was something to be dreaded by all. While the white men shuddered awaiting a strike back, Byers, editor of the *News*, quickly contacted a fried, a trapper by the name of Jim Beckworth, who was also a squaw man well liked by both the Arapahoe and the Cheyenne.

He agreed to go immediately and attempt to pacify the outraged Indians who showed amazing restraint in not hitting the warpath at once. Killing and scalping was the order of the day until the chiefs with cooler heads prevailed to smooth the fires of anger of the young, revenge-bent Indians who were cautioned to remain calm and wait for orders. It was not till later that the people of Denver were to know how close they had come to a general conflict with these Colorado natives.

At first, Beckworth's job as diplomat for the whites was a tough one, but he pleaded the cause of the Denverites with real fervor, so much so that he persuaded the redskins to settle for full reimbursement of all damaged, stolen, or destroyed property. The subject of restitution of virtue was cleverly avoided.

After his return to Denver, Beckworth wrote a letter to the *News* in which he denounced the wanton acts of drunken devils and bummers against his Indian friends. Byers fully agreed with it and had the communication printed in his newspaper.

As though Denver hadn't enough crime trouble of her own, her ambition to grow bigger with the times drove her to invite the town of Auraria to become part of Denver and to be known as Denver City West. Thus the new addition added more lawlessness than ever before.

United as one, in April of 1860, Denver duly elected John Moore as the head man and gave him strict orders to "restrain, suppress, and prohibit tippling shops, ten-pin houses, houses of prostitution, and all disorderly houses, restrain gaming and gambling and all other kinds of public indecencies." Having authority like this was one thing, and securing the power to do this was quite another. As one skeptical town voter put it: "It's like sending a man off to war without his gun!"

One driving force for law and decency was the familiar William Byers. Unfortunately this show group, though they liked spirited adventures now and then, was not a law enforcing group which could suppress criminal acts and control the peace in a large town. However, the reliable Tom Pollack was officially assigned town marshal for this difficult task. He of the bullhorn voice took his job seriously and fearlessly as he had in the past.

On the other side of the fence was a polished gentleman who embraced crime like it was his dearest and only sweetheart. He had a natural calling for misdeeds, and wherever evil produced a dishonest dollar, this man could be found. Charley Harrison arrived quietly in Denver and immediately made it his business and duty to wage a power struggle against the existing and somewhat shaky civil government. Unknown to most of the good citizens of Denver was the fact that Harrison was an escapee from a Utah posse that had pursued him

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Sketched by Anthony J. Thorpe

long and hard and failed only by hard luck to capture this fugitive from justice.

No one suspected Harrison of being a wanted man, for his appearance prompted most to believe that he was a well-mannered Southern person of bland character: refined, courteous and genteel. But when necessary Harrison could be quietly forceful, and he possessed a distinct aspiration toward anything elegant.

Harrison was quickly attracted to the Criterion Saloon, which was something far above the common type with its fine wooden columns and cornices, and its menus were considered the best in the West. The Criterion served the choicest Kentucky bourbon and French champagne that could be obtained, and Harrison lost no time in renting a faro table in its popular interior. In a short time he had a successful gambling operation going for him. With his liberal profits Charley financed a pair of bordellos and dabbled secretly in politics. His greenbacks put candidates into key offices, and his power as a political boss gave him high prestige. This influence produced a big ego and arrogance that kept his lawbreaking friends out of jail.

This lawless group always sought his protection. On July 12, this celebrated gambler took it upon himself to commit an inflamed crime of his own. Charles Stark, a blacksmith who had high hopes of rising above his occupation and station in life, was deliberately snubbed by Harrison, which angered him to the point of trying to stab his annoyer with a knife. Participant in a card game, Harrison rose and deliberately pumped three bullets into his enraged attacker. Byers wrote of the affair in a negative manner in his *News*. "The act was wanton and unprovoked, in short, a cold-blooded murder!"

This crime crusader constantly attacked evil at its source and pulled no punches where it was concerned. He knew that there were many unpunished lawbreakers walking the streets of Denver, thumbing their noses at all citizens supporting quick and real justice. Hotheaded and defiant bummers hated and despised Byers and his newspaper so much that their uncontrolled hostility forced them to take action against him.

This hatred group included the unjailed Harvey, George Steele, Carl Woods, and John Rooker who had murdered the well-liked and genial gambler, Jack O'Neal, in front of a saloon, getting off scot-free from this dastardly crime. These evil four burst suddenly into the Byers newspaper and kidnapped him at gunpoint. The quartet, depending on the protection of Charley Harrison, roughly handled their captive and took him to "Boss" Harrison, remarking: "This bastard is out to get our hides and yours. Let's settle his hash once and for all!"

This rash act presented Harrison with a bad dilemma. He was forced into a situation where he had to pacify these hotheads, yet protect his enemy from serious harm. Harrison knew that the death of the editor would bring down the full wrath of the good citizens on his men and himself, and he wasn't going to jeopardize his successful setup in Denver because of this bad and hasty move.

He knew that the kidnappers before him lusted for blood and were in no mood to be trifled with. "Leave him to me and I'll take care of him!" he told the group in front of him, knowing that they expected him to pistol-whip Byers, or worse. Somewhat mollified, they left Byers to the "Boss" and went quietly with the parting shot: "See that you fix him good!"

When they were gone, Harrison propelled Byers through the door, saying urgently, "Get back to your office and barricade it against these drunken killers. They're looking for trouble, and next time they'll come shooting!" Byers sprinted to the *News* building and astonished his relieved printers who had never expected to see him alive again. He told them to break out the rifles and shotguns for their own defense. Each printer, a fair shot in his own right, stuck by Byers and chose their own places for defense carefully against attack. In tense silence and somewhat nervously, they kept a sharp lookout for impending trouble. News of the kidnapping of Byers and his release by the kidnappers had attracted a curious crowd of Denverites who gathered outside the newspaper office to observe the impending shootout.

When the raging quartet learned of Harrison's duplicity, they damned him to hell, checked the bullets in their firearms, then stormed the *News* office. Making obscene gestures at the men inside, Steele dashed by the print shop on horseback and fired two shots at its windows. Neither shot found a mark, but on his return, Byers, with a truer aim, pumped a round of buckshot into the exposed outlaw. Marshal Tom Pollack, running down the street to halt the attack, raised his gun and shot the swaying horseman, causing him to spin around and fall at his feet in a pool of blood. The other bummers, witnessing their leader's death, lost their nerve immediately, surrendered quickly, threw their guns down in the street and raised their hands, more than willing to take an expected exile as their punishment.

Denver received its baptism of sin and crime while suffering its first growing pains. The hectic months of its beginning witnessed numerous gun fights, and the reckless crimefighters who shot in behalf of law and order were fearless and as skilled with weapons as the outlaws they subdued. They prevailed because the sentiment of all decent citizens constantly supported them.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCE: *The NEW ELDORADO* by Phyllis T. Dorset, 1970; *Relations With the Plain Indians* by Hafen; *Drunks, Devils, and* Bummers by Keller; TRAILS TO PIKE'S PEAK by Phyllis F. Doresy, and others.

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TOM MIX

(continued from page 15)

No one was more jubilant at the stranger's arrival than J. J. Tearney. He'd searched the frontier over for a man capable of keeping order in his Blue Bell saloon, searched in vain. But now at last here he was, right there in Guthrie.

The stranger found Tearney's offer too challenging to resist. He took on the job as bartender in the Blue Bell, then he promptly set about proving that his psychology was even sharper than his marksmanship.

He was well aware that to run so tough an establishment in so tough a town one had to have the patrons' respect. That was the only way of being sure the furnishings and upholstery wouldn't be filled with bullet holes. He thus moved to be sure that the entire town knew him to be worthy.

Already he had begun the policy of borrowing a horse from the livery stable and riding it hard across the prairies. He'd quickly circle the town, then come down the main street, whooping to the top of his lungs and not reining in unitl reaching the Blue Bell.

Once, while the unruly element watched from the awning shade on Second Street, he began firing at tin cans scattered across a vacant lot. He, from the back of his rapidly moving steed, emptied his sixguns. Then, without even bothering to check his targets, he rode into the stable.

Curious, the toughs moved across to examine the cans. They found a hole squarely through the center of each. They scratched their heads in bewilderment, hardly believing their eyes. Not even the sharpshooters coming to town annually with Buffalo Bill's Wild West show could shoot like that. They hadn't considered it possible...

It wasn't. The stranger, so as to fool the unruly cowboys, had punctured those cans the night before, then planted them in the vacant lot. He'd been firing wildly from the saddle.

But the local population didn't know this, and so they were left to wonder all the more. Just who was this fast-shooting, hard-fighting, rip-snorting stranger who'd shown up so unexpectedly in their midst?

His name was Tom Mix and he was just beginning his career. Before it was completed, he would be considered one of the most fearless men on the frontier. After cleaning up some of the West's wilder bawdy houses, he would take on the task of law enforcement in some of its more raucous boom camps.

Several such camps were located in Montgomery County, Kansas on the border of the old Indian Territory, that very same Montgomery County in which the Dalton boys were shot from their saddles and where the murderous Katy Bender once kept her inn. Tom spent nearly a year there, riding herd on construction workers and oil field roughnecks. Before turning in his badge, he'd made possible the completion of a cement plant and the establishment of a town called Lehunt.

This record brought him to the attention of harried officials elsewhere. It's highly unlikely Tom ever dropped a "Have Gun, Will Travel" card upon a frustrated sheriff's desk. Yet it is a definite fact that he, a free-lance peace officer with sixgun for hire, was called to points throughout the West and beyond.

He always accomplished just what was expected. In the Two Buttes country of Colorado he restored order to rip-roaring construction camps. In the oil fields of Oklahoma he calmed a situation more devastating even than the nitroglycerin blasts. In the hill country of East Tennessee he disrupted a moonshiner's haven and put behind bars its self-styled king.

He was one of the last of that breed of law man which included Wyatt Earp, Wild Bill Hickok, Pat Garrett, and Bat Masterson. Unlike these contemporaries, he lived to see the story of the great American West's settlement pictured on movie screens. He, in fact, even played his own role, earning millions of dollars and making himself the idol of millions of juveniles by doing so.

It is not hard to imagine the reaction of Hollywood's press agentry to his arrival in their world of glimmer and glamor. They considered him almost too good to be true. Here stood a real-life hero who had actually walked the board walks of the Old West's wildest boom camps — actually walked with a tin star pinned to his vest and sixguns strapped around his waist — a real-life hero who had survived mob attacks, bloodcurdling threats, and dynamite blasts, more than ready to further glorify himself on movie screens.

They became so wildly excited as to picture Tom Mix as many things which he was not. They pictured him as storming up San Juan Hill in the forefront of Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders. They described him as the Texas Ranger who took the trail of bad men other peace officers were too fearful to tackle. They magnified his town marshal status to that of a United States marshal. They sent him into action against the African Boers and placed him before a firing squad in revolutionary Mexico. They, in short, manufactured a myth which captured the imagination of youngsters and grownups alike.

What the press agents didn't know was that Tom Mix's actual life was more dramatic by far than anything ever imagined in even their wildest dreams. No adventurer, before or since, has ever lived a story quite like it.

Yet there's reason to believe that Tom Mix provided a prototype for one of the better known characters of current-day fiction: for the Nevada Smith who blazed his way through the pages of Harold Robbins' best selling novel, *The Carpetbaggers*. Certainly these notable heroes, one fictional and the other genuine, bear marked resemblances.

Nevada Smith escaped prison by way of the Louisiana bayous. Mix deserted the Army, just before coming to Guthrie, making his way from Fort Hancock through New Jersey swampland. Nevada worked as handy man and bodyguard in a New Orleans bordello. Mix was a saloon keeper at various points throughout the West.

Nevada hired out his gun to a wealthy industrialist named Jonas Cord. Tom spent several years in protecting the interests of a construction company magnate named Lee Hunt. Smith was wanted for armed robbery; Mix was arrested for horse thievery and assault. Both got into movies by performing unbelievable stunts. One of Tom's leading ladies on the screen, Billy Dove, became a leading lady in the Cord prototype of Howard Hughes' life. (In an interview with Los Angeles *Herald Examiner* columnist Bill Kennedy in July of 1972, Robbins admitted that Mix provided a basis for Nevada Smith.)

Only in blood did the two men differ. The strain of Indian chiefs ran in Nevada's veins. His grandfather had been a leader of the Kiowa tribe. He'd grown up a true son of the frontier on the Kansas plains.

Not so, Tom Mix! He was indeed a native Pennsylvanian! He had never

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been west of the Mississippi until the time indicated in the opening of this narrative.

Why had he come? How did he, a damn Yankee and Fancy-Dan dude, happen to be so adept with both rifle and sixgun? Where had he learned to fight and ride?

To certain among his Oklahoma friends he told the entire story. He confided the complete details of his dark and mysterious past, even those of his youth and background.

His ancestors had been among the first settlers of the Pennsylvania Alleghenies. They had "come west" from Connecticut in 1804, following up the trail previously blazed by William Penn's Quakers. They had followed up Sinnehoming Creek to the point where Bennett's Branch empties in. Near there they had hewed from the wilderness a settlement called Mix Run.

For more than three quarters of a century its richest farm remained in their possession. Then during the early 1890's they began falling deeply in debt. They eventually found their red fertile soil being taken in lieu of unpaid taxes.

Warren "Trick" Mix, grandson of the community's founder, had originally planned buying this back. But just before the public auction his own home burst into flame. He stood by and watched his every belonging go up in smoke ... his every belonging and his every hope.

A land speculator named Robert Clark bid off the property at only a fraction of its actual worth. This sent Trick into a rage. He immediately suspected that the fire had been purposely set.

"That land is worthless to you," he told Clark, "Completely worthless."

"What's that mean?"

"You'll find out. You'll find out."

He did indeed. Clark found it impossible to hire for the Mix grounds to be plowed under. No farmer would "turn even the first furrow".

"Why?" Clark demanded of a farmer named Marshall Barr. "Can you tell me that? Can you tell me why? I'm offering good wages."

Barr quietly explained himself, fearful of Trick Mix. Trick had threatened to kill the man who would plow those grounds. He had threatened in a meaningful voice.

"I'm gonna hafta settle up with that bastard," Clark sneered, "I'm gonna hafta."

With just such thoughts he, on April 27, 1894, rode into Mix Run. He borrowed a gun from Walter Moate. Then he began looking for his antagonist.

He found Trick on the DeGarmo farm. He made for his enemy in a rage. Trick tried to defend himself with a spiked club.

Instantly Clark's gun flashed. He saw his enemy fall before its roar. He saw his enemy fall with a bullet through his heart.

Clark was later to regret this hasty action. For he shortly thereafter was shot down from out of the dark. Bushwhackers blasted him from the saddle.

Their buckshot left his leg badly lacerated. Gangrene almost immediately set in. It had to be amputated.

Cora Mix, Trick's widow, was the first suspect. She had sworn "to do Rob in". The mountain folk had no choice but to believe she had tried.

Then Newton, the victim's oldest brother, stunned the populace. Early one morning, a few weeks later, he strode through the door of the Cameron County Court House. He offered his shotgun and pistol belt to the authorities. He admitted having shot down Rob.

This confession didn't in the least impress the sheriff. "Surely," he said, smiling smugly, "you're not serious."

"Wha-"

"You must think we're a buncha fools. We know you're an expert shot. You don't miss your targets. Yet whoever shot Clark missed. He shot for the heart and only got a leg."

"Why would I-"

"Confess to something you didn't do? Simply to protect Trick's widow. You know she's being blamed. You know there's been lynch talk. You know the Clarks have been demandin' I arrest her. You confessed to protect 'er."

It took several moments for this to sink in ... several moments during which Newt stood stunned. Then finally his voice came. "Look," he desperately cried, "I'm admitting an unsolved crime. Do you want me or not? Tell me!"

"I'm tellin' you to get the hell outa here. I'll solve this crime. Just gimme time."

Still to this day, that time remains unfulfilled. The Rob Clark bushwhacking remains among the Pennsylvania Alleghenies' unsolved crimes. The culprit was never to pay his debt to society.

Such was the atmosphere in which Tom Mix grew up. Such was the atmosphere which made it possible for him to set the Oklahoma frontier back on its heels with his roping and riding feats. Such was the atmosphere which prevailed in the Pennsylvania Alleghenies during the 1890's.

Tom was born January 6, 1880 in the very house in which his cousin, Warren, was slain. His father sold the farm to DeGarmo when he was four. Ten years later, Rob Clark made its grounds ring with gunfire.

But that still leaves unexplained why Tom so unexpectedly showed up in the Oklahoma Territory. Why had he come? What had brought him?

Nothing else but fear of arrest!!! Available records prove that First Sergeant Thomas E. Mix, on October 25, 1902, deserted the Coast Artillery at Fort Hancock, New Jersey. He, believing his commanding officer would issue a warrant, immediately headed for the Oklahoma wilds (From which extradition was difficult).

Already we've seen how Tom was received there. He, after roughing up some of the toughest frontiersmen, was placed in charge of the Blue Bell saloon. He, by applying simple psychology, restored order to its premises.

Tom's dash and derring-do was soon to become an Oklahoma political issue. Governor Thompson B. Ferguson, early in 1903, placed him in charge of the territorial cavalry band. He was selected to act as drum major and lead their ranks onto parade fields throughout the Southwest.

Objections began immediately, resounding all across the territory. It was pointed out that Tom was neither a native Oklahoman, musician, nor member of the militia. Until a few months before, he had never been seen in that country. No one knew even for sure where he came from. Just how did he qualify?

Ferguson had an answer ready for this. There was to be seen in young Tom Mix what couldn't be seen in any of the native Oklahomans, musicians, or militiamen. There was to be seen that very same core of strength that very same flair for showmanship which later showed up so illustriously on movie screens. There was to be seen a splendor which would go far toward making their band the very best in the land.

Much became obvious later that spring at St. Louis. It had originally been intended the Louisiana Purchase be celebrated there with a World's Fair. But the promoters failed in getting the buildings ready. The main events were thus postponed until that following year. A brief exposition was staged so as to prevent

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disappointment.

The Oklahoma Cavalry band went there to participate. There remains in Mrs. Thompson B. Ferguson's personal scrapbooks a St. Louis *Republican* news story describing their performance. Quoting directly: "The handsome drum major, marching in the foreground posed a gallant figure and attracted a great deal of attention, especially from the ladies."

A big surprise awaited the returning musicians in Guthrie. They found the excitement in their streets to be greater even than that at the World's Fair. As the train came heaving into the newly completed Santa Fe station, they could see angry citizens milling about ... angry citizens saddling horses and brandishing firearms.

Tom leaped from the train and alighted on the station platform. "What in hell is going on?" he demanded of the agent, "What's happened?"

"There's been a jailbreak. Emmerson has been killed."

Tom knew J. T. Emmerson to be the county jailer. "Who — Who did it?"

"Who you think?"

"Not—"

"Yes! Nobody else but Bill Montgomery."

Montgomery was a bigamist. He was, in fact, the most successful bigamist ever known to the Oklahoma frontier. In previous years he had abandoned numerous wives without divorcing a single one.

They followed the wounded Montgomery's trail of blood to a nearby creek. There he had obviously plunged into the water. But no further sign could be found. He, without even leaving the town limits, had succeeded in throwing off his pursuers.

Fossett's men kept bloodhounds baying across that entire countryside for the next several days. They searched out every gulch and arroyo, checked every spring and water hole. But they did not find a single trace.

Somehow the culprit seemed to have disappeared, vanished into thin air.

Sheriff Carpenter realized that this wasn't possible. The bad man had somehow managed to mislead them. The bloodhounds hadn't whiffed his trail. Yet they'd covered the town's entire surroundings. Could that mean Montgomery had never left Guthrie?

Carpenter wondered. Then quietly as possible he left the posse's campfire. He saddled a pony and rode back into Guthrie. He began questioning the prisoners.

All had gone well until he wronged a Guthrie belle named Nellie Brown.

She had immediately sworn out a warrant for his arrest. A deputy sheriff then dutifully tracked him to a hideaway near Fort Reno. He brought the fugitive back in irons.

Montgomery had remained behind bars until that very morning. Then, while being moved from his cell block for a bath, he suddenly came up with a gun. Jailer Emmerson fell back in surprise.

The weapon instantly roared. Montgomery watched his victim fall, then leaped over the jail walls and into the streets. He rushed across the Santa Fe tracks and faded out of sight.

United States marshal Bill Fossett was already mobilizing a posse. Every citizen was urged to join. Tom, without even shedding his uniform, swung up and astride a horse.

One named Jim Gray broke down easily. He admitted that he intended to help Montgomery in the escape. He had known about the gun. He had helped lay the plans. But after seeing Emmerson shot down, he had lost his nerve.

Carpenter cursed softly. "Where did he get the gun?"

"From Kate Wyatt."

Kate was one of the frontier town's many shady ladies. Her son had recently been held at the jail. She came almost daily to visit him.

Or at least that's what they believed. Actually she had been repeatedly attracted by Montgomery. The outlaw lover had easily managed to catch her eye. She had fallen under his hypnotic spell.

Kate had smuggled in the pistol. She had also told Montgomery how to reach her home. He had only to follow the creek; it ran right by her house.

Now Carpenter understood how Montgomery had managed to vanish. He had merely waded the creek until reaching the Wyatt home. All this time he had been hiding out in the city ... all this time which the posse had spent scouring the surrounding prairies.

And so a few hours later, Sheriff Carpenter, with two deputies burst into the Wyatt home. They took Montgomery by surprise. The wound had left him too weak to fight. (They also found a trap door in the house, behind which Kate had long hid her outlaw lovers.)

Miss Adele Kessler was surprised one morning shortly thereafter to find Tom Mix and Heinz Braun outside her door. She was anything but accustomed to receiving such guests. She had long before become disgusted with the unsavory atmosphere prevailing in her adopted city ... especially with that at the corner of Second and Harrison ... especially with the Blue Bell saloon and the Reeves Gambling House. Now here were two of saloon society's leading lights to see her.

Tom began immediately by explaining why. While wildly waving his arms and desperately flashing his eyes, he vividly described the role played by Miss Kessler in the establishment of the newly completed library. She and other club women had collected $10,000 in local contributions. Andrew Carnegie had been so impressed as to add $25,000 to the fund. So there had arisen from amid broken-down hovels a fine redstone building.

Although nearly overcome by such flattery, Miss Kessler finally managed: "And?"

"You," Tom pointed out, "were the first to see the demand for a public library. Now I'm going to show you the need for a physical culture center."

What Tom and Braun had in mind was establishing a gymnasium in the library's basement. It would be operated on a subscription basis, the profits going to the instructors. Money for equipment could be deducted from library funds.

"And who will instruct?"

At this Tom and Braun almost blushed. "Why," they chimed in together, "Us, of course."

For the next several months these young men held classes at all hours of the day. Each and every highschool student was required to attend. They purchased an admittance card which was punched daily at the door.

Tom also served as the Guthrie high school's first athletic director. He coached and captained one of its first football teams. He also played at various positions: quarterback, end, fullback.

Probably he played best at end. He had no trouble catching the ball the quarterback, Paul Piersol, whizzed to him. And then almost effortlessly he made his way through the opposing line for dazzling touchdowns. He led the team to an undefeated season, scoring victories against Enid, Kingfisher, Lawton, and Chickasha.

As such his life continued until

(continued on page 62)

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MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 6)

In our files we have pictures of both Julia Wades-In-The-Water and of her father, Wades-In-The-Water, who is dressed in the full regalia of the Pikuni tribe.

Sincerely yours,
Rex Bundy, President
Route 1, Box 192
Corvallis, Montana 59828

ABHORS CUSTER

Dear Sir:

The Four Points Inter-Tribal Council, the organization I represent, which has alliances with 18 American Indian tribes and which has membership from ten tribes, is becoming increasingly annoyed with the distortions of American history as it concerns our peoples.

Your March 1974 issue of REAL WEST carried a story with the title "Did Custer Really Have It Coming"? This article attempted to make the killer of Indian women and childern look as though he was our best friend, and it made many references to writings and sayings of this man to support this asinine belief.

Your magazine carries token articles in support of my people's desire to live our own way, but for the most part, the majority of articles malign the Indian in a number of ways.

Custer wrote one thing and did another; he talked in support of the Indian people but was responsible for the murder of the Cheyenne people at the Washita River. His speeches in support of the Indian were for the reason of attracting attention to himself, even if unfavorable. He was an ego-maniac, with the ridiculous idea that the American people might elect him President of this country. The timing of the attack by Custer at the Little Big Horn was calculated; it was at the same time a political convention was being held. Custer felt a victory over the Sioux would put him in the White House, and he badly miscalculated the Indian strength.

Contrary to what the author of that article said, it was Custer's mistake, not the fault of incorrect intelligence reports on the Indian strength. Custer had Crow and Arikara scouts who advised him of the number of Indians in the encampment at the Little Big Horn. In spite of this advice and disobeying orders not to attack, he split his command into three units, each outside support distance of each other, and attacked. This was a military blunder, which any experienced Army man will tell you.

Custer's Civil War record was not the outstanding record the author claims, and he was court-martialed more than once. In fact, I understand that this is the reason, along with his big mouth, that caused him to be transferred out west. Further, Custer was disliked intensely by many of his own men.

We were told that Custer killed himself with his own pistol, and in view of the Army records of this incident in history, there is good reason to believe this.

Any Army officer who makes war on women and children is not a man, and Custer fell into the same category as Colonel J.M. Chivington who murdered the Cheyenne at Sand Creek and who advocated killing even Indian infants, because as he said, "Nits Make Lice."

Your magazine advertises itself as "True tales of the American Frontier," but you only print one side of the story, the white viewpoint. Truth demands that both sides be heard and a fair judgment be made at that time.

If you do not know the truth of any part of American history involving Indians, perhaps you should ask us, we are still very much alive. You will note that no mention was made by the author of the article in question of the killing of the Cheyenne people at the Washita River by Custer, and what describes this man best was his advocated policy of using force to compel the Indians to live the white man's way. No man who was born free is going to be content to be penned up like an animal and denied his liberty to go where he pleases.

No, perhaps Custer was not all bad, but I can see nothing to admire about this person; he was self-centered and vain, and his cruelty to the Indian was legend. He was not a great warrior but was one of the poorer examples of an Army officer, certainly not deserving of a place in history, except as the person responsible for one of the worst blunders in the history of military warfare. You cannot blame the entire Army for the foolishness of one officer, and to class him as a good officer is tarnishing those officers who were really great warriors.

Someone should advise the author of "Did Custer Really Have It Coming?" that he did have it coming; he asked for it, and he got what he asked for. In the future, people will probably make a hero of the man responsible for the Mai Lai massacre of women and children in Vietnam. They say he was a scapegoat, and a good many people wanted this killer turned loose. Nobody says the young man was the only one responsible for the killing, but because the others were not punished does not make him any less a murderer. He deserved to be hanged. By his own admission he was guilty.

The American Indian cannot expect justice until the whites realize how sick their attitudes are today. This country concerns itself with keeping commitments in southeast Asia while ignoring its commitments to its native peoples. Murder is murder, regardless of when and where it is committed, or by whom. Stop feeling sorry for killers, and remember their lack of pity for their helpless victims. If the white man can do this and take an honest look at his past treatment of my people, perhaps we can still attain true brotherhood.

We ask that you discontinue printing stories such as "Did Custer Really Have It Coming?" unless you carry an article of rebuttal at the same time that is written by the Indian peoples, and that you discontinue the use of words such as "redskins," "savages", "marauding Indians", and the like; you can refer to my people simply as "Indians" without the use of derogatory terms. Thank You. Please print this.

Very Truly Yours,
Richard Kerns (Wambdi Sapa)
Black Eagle
The Four Points Inter-Tribal Council
360 West Dayton Yellow Springs Road
Fairborn, Ohio 45324

ANOTHER VIEW

Dear Sirs:

I have read REAL WEST for many years and like the stories that you publish very much. I hope that you keep up the good work because the more the real west disappears, the more people will want to read about how things were in the old days. It's like a fresh breath of air from the wide open spaces.

What prompted me to write this letter is Mrs. Shulsinger's article "Did Custer Have It Coming?" which appeared in your March issue. According to my opinion it's the best Custer story that has appeared in print for many moons. Unlike most writers who go all out in magnifying the General's faults but ignore his virtues, Mrs. Shulsinger does her best to present him in the proper light.

She starts her article with a quote from Custer's *My Life On The Plains*: "If I were an Indian I think I would greatly prefer to cast my lot among those of my people who adhered to the free open plains rather than submit to the confined limits of a reservation there to be the recipient of the blessed benefits of civilization with its vices thrown in without stint or measure."

The above-mentioned paragraph expresses fully the General's real feelings for the Indians. He was well aware of the many treaties the government had made with them one day only to have them broken the next by white people. Custer was well familiar with reservation life, life with its short rations, bad whisky, and crooked Indian agents. He, more than most people, realized that a vicious circle was slowly but surely choking out the very life of the red man. Naturally his statement wasn't popular in an age when selfishness, graft and incompetence ruled the day. At that time the slogan was: "the only good Indian is a dead Indian."

Custer has been much criticized for his attack on Black Kettle's village on the Washita. Though this battle, like many more that took

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JOHN B. CHARLTON

(continued from page 25)

saddle almost constantly since he left Fort Clark for Fort Sill nearly a month earlier.

As dawn was showing in the east over the great canyon, the command halted at the rim. Mackenzie rode up to the scouts and said, "Mr. Thompson, take your men down and open the fight."

"Very well, Sir."

Down they went over a rocky and dangerous trail, dismounting, leading their horses, joking in undertones, sliding and scrambling. Charlton heard Irish McCabe, another of the scouts, say, "And not even a cup of coffee to shtay me stummick."

When the scouts, trailed closely by members of "A" Troop under Capt. Eugene B. Beaumont, were about halfway down the canyon wall, an Indian sentinel hiding on a rock ledge suddenly sprang to his feet and screamed a warning to the horde below.

Someone shot the Indian, and bedlam broke loose. The war whoop was echoed a thousand times by the renegades at the bottom. In the half light Charlton saw the horse herd bolt and go thundering back and forth across the canyon floor. The squaws ran, yelling to break camp. Indians were shooting into the stampeding herd, attempting to drop the leaders and check the mad rush of ponies.

The scouts reached bottom just as the Indians were starting to retreat down the canyon. They rallied with members of "A" Troop, sprang to their saddles and rode away in pursuit of the renegades and the fear-crazed horses. Seconds later, "H" and "L" Troops alighted on the canyon floor. They hurriedly formed parallel lines. Mackenzie swung to the lead, and off they all galloped after "A" Troop.

As his mount raced onward, Charlton saw village after village of Indian lodges — all abandoned. Excited pack horses tied to tree limbs beside the tepees snorted and tore at their tethers as the troopers stormed through. Buffalo robes, blankets and other Indian possessions littered the campgrounds, dropped by the squaws in their flight toward the canyon walls.

Minutes later, "A" Troop overtook the great horse herd, spurred ahead of it and finally succeeded in turning hundreds of ponies back toward the camp. They were met shortly by members of the other two troops still moving in the same direction.

Leaving several men in charge of the horses, the other troopers formed lines and awaited orders. A strange calm fell over the Palo Duro. Then the Indians opened fire. Swarms of them had clambered up the canyon walls and taken cover behind rocks, about 800 feet overhead. The rifle bullets came like hailstones, and the troopers were forced to begin pulling back.

Charlton took cover and started to return fire. Then he saw Pvt. John B. Comfort, his "bunkie" and close friend dash out to open ground and start shooting at an unseen target. Charlton tried to get him back, but Comfort wouldn't budge.

At that moment, the trumpeter for "L" Troop, Henry E. Hord, was hit. In the confusion Charlton caught a glimpse of a man going down with blood spurting from his side. Through the grime on the man's face, the Sergeant thought he recognized the features of Pvt. Comfort. It was then that Charlton lost his head. Cursing and advancing, he began firing indiscriminately.

Then Mackenzie's command came sharp and clear, "Sgt. Charlton, Pvt. Comfort, come back at once." Charlton looked around and saw Comfort behind him, still very much alive and still coolly firing away. The Sergeant resumed fighting with renewed control, and neither he nor Comfort showed any sign of having heard Col. Mackenzie's order.

Hord was taken to the rear; he was expected to die within 20 minutes. But he lived to blow trumpet calls for many more years. Surgeon Rufus Choate said Hord, who sustained intestine perforations, recovered because he had not had anything to eat for approximately 30 hours.

Earlier in the fight, "H" Troop had wheeled around in a column of fours and moved back about 200 yards into a dry creek bed. But the men in that location made good targets from both sides of the canyon. Six or eight horses went down, but no troopers were hit. The men all dismounted and, leaving their ponies with the horse holders, started toward the canyon walls under orders from their commander, Capt. Gunther, to clear the canyon walls of Indians. Mackenzie, seeing the movement, called out, "Sergeant, where are you going with those men?"

"To the bluffs, Sir."

"By whose orders?" replied the trooper.

"Capt. Gunther's," replied the trooper.

"Take those men back to their company. Not one of them would live to reach the top." Then Mackenzie rode over to the Captain and let it be known that he strongly disapproved of the plan.

Also during the battle, a Pvt. McGowan had his horse shot from beneath him. McGowan was on his knees and tugging at his saddle while bullets spatted all about him.

"McGowan," yelled Col. Mackenzie, "get away from there or you will be hit."

"Yes, Sir," said McGowan, but he kept pulling at the saddle.

Again Mackenzie ordered the Private away, but he continued at his work. The third time, the Colonel spoke very sharply, "I told you to go away from there. Are you going?"

McGowan barked back, "Damned if I am until I get my tobacco and ammunition." Mackenzie gave up and turned his attention elsewhere. It has been said that most of the cavalrymen under Mackenzie's command had the deepest respect for him; they knew they could depend on his care and guidance.

A large group of Indians had disappeared around a sharp bend in the canyon, and Mackenzie wanted to know what they were up to. He asked for someone to check it out, and Charlton heard the reckless Pvt. Comfort volunteer for the task.

In a few minutes Comfort came riding back, his horse in a dead run. Not too many rods behind him galloped a band of screeching savages. Other troopers ran to the Private's aid. They found cover in a shallow ravine and opened fire on the renegades as they moved into close range. One Indian came cartwheeling from his mount, and the other hostiles turned back.

A Tonkawa squaw, who had accompanied her scout husband, rode to where the injured savage lay on the slope of an embankment. He spoke to her, and she flew into a rage, calling him all sorts of vile names. Then, getting down from her pony, she finished him with a pistol shot.

About noon, Charlton saw a movement among the Indians atop the bluffs. Mackenzie surmised that they were going to try to close off the trail by which the troopers had entered the canyon. He ordered Capt. Gunther and his "H" company to

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block the supposed move. The soldiers raced the renegades to the plains and won. The Indians melted away then, apparently not wanting a fight in the open.

In the early afternoon, the Colonel deployed Troops "D," "I" and "K" across the canyon floor to work as skirmishers. Their gunfire held off isolated bands of Indians while other troopers pulled down the abandoned tepees and rounded up the Indians' scattered belongings (which consisted not only of buffalo robes and new blankets but sacks of flour, sugar and other groceries, new breech-loading rifles and quantities of lead and powder.

Some of the supplies had been taken on raids, and some had been issued the Indians when they were at the agency). All goods that were of no immediate value to the command were then dragged into a great pile and put to the torch.

As billowing smoke poured toward the canyon top, the Indians moved silently away and found difficult pathways out of the Palo Duro. It is not known exactly how many of the renegades died in the day's fighting. Reports range from six to between 50 and 60. None of the cavalrymen was killed.

Mackenzie and the command then began the tedious task of moving the hundreds of captured horses up the precipitous trail to the plains above. But between 3 and 4 p.m., the entire command cleared the canyon. The Colonel had the troopers to surround the horse herd, and they moved out, marching rapidly until about 1 a.m. on September 29 when they reached the supply wagons at Tule Canyon. Charlton and the others then ate the first food they had tasted in 48 hours.

It had become apparent to Mackenzie during the drive that he would be unable to move the hundreds of animals to the nearest military post, about 200 miles away. He greatly feared that the ponies would fall back into the hands of the hostiles.

There was some handsome horseflesh among the mounts, but the Colonel knew what must be done. When daylight came, he allowed the Tonkawas to select some horses from the lot; others were marked to replace troopers' mounts lost during the battle. He ordered the remainder of the animals shot. And it took a troop of men the better part of that day to complete the bloody job.

The number of ponies slaughtered at Tule Canyon has been estimated at 1,500 (Charlton said approximately 2,200 were captured in the canyon). Mackenzie in his official reports listed the total number captured as 1,424 and the ponies killed at "more than 1,000." Whatever the count, the horse bones left bleaching on the plains prompted some people to later term the Battle of Palo Duro Canyon, "The Battle of the Horses."

Settlers moving into the area a few years later named the spot near Tule Canyon, "Horse Bones." Some of the pioneers earned money by gathering the bones and hauling them to Amarillo where they were sold for use in the manufacture of fertilizer.

Sgt. Charlton got a four-day rest at Tule Canyon before Mackenzie ordered the command back into service and began a methodical search for the renegades who had escaped the Palo Duro. The Indians, with their supplies and mounts now severely depleted, had broken up into smaller bands, some of which were moving back toward the reservation.

Mackenzie circled the head of the Palo Duro where the troopers encountered 15 New Mexican buffalo hunters. The Colonel permitted three of the hunters to join the command as scouts under Charlton. Next day, October 8, the soldiers captured five *Comancheros* who were freighting a load of supplies to the renegades they believed to be hiding still in the depths of Palo Duro. Mackenzie put the luckless traders under arrest, chopped up their wagon for firewood, and slaughtered their oxen for meat.

Overall, the Army's offensive against the hostiles was a success. Palo Duro was the big fight, but Col. Buell attacked a group of renegades in what is now Greer County, Okla., on October 9. And the next day, Maj. Price struck another camp in present-day Hemphill County, Tex. On October 21, Lt. Col. Davidson took to the field again from Fort Sill to accept the surrender of hostiles returning from the plains.

But it was not until the following February that Lone Wolf showed up at the agency near Fort Sill. He and other incorrigibles were later sent to Fort Marion, Fla., and imprisoned. Two sons of the Comanche chief, Mow-wi or Shaking Hand, surrendered with Lone Wolf at Fort Sill. But Shaking Hand himself remained at large on the prairies with a sizable band of followers.

And Sgt. Charlton was once more called upon to do a special job for Mackenzie after the Colonel had assumed command of Fort Sill early in 1875.

Charlton's assignment was to find Shaking Hand's camp and deliver a message from Mackenzie telling the renegade chief to surrender or have his entire tribe exterminated if the troopers had to hunt them down. Accompanied by two Comanche guides and Dr. J.J. Sturms, an interpreter, Charlton rode northwest from Fort Sill to the headwaters of the Washita River. On the third day out, the guides led Charlton and Sturms into Shaking Hand's camp.

As soon as Mackenzie's decree was read to the chief, he had the four outsiders held prisoners. For three days and three nights, Charlton knew not what his fate would be. Then the camp broke into uproar, and the Sergeant believed his death had been decreed. But Shaking Hand had elected to surrender, and the scout from Texas had the distinction of leading the entire band of renegades into the presence of Col. Mackenzie.

With the mopping up almost completed, there was little use for an Indian fighter in a new and rapidly emerging civilization. Charlton served a few more years with the cavalry and was discharged.

He returned to Brackettville, Tex., where he married Miss Letitia Walling. There the couple lived for three years before moving to Uvalde County where the Sergeant established an Angora goat ranch.

Charlton died March 5, 1922. He was buried at Fort Clark where his most stirring frontier adventures had begun nearly 40 years before. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

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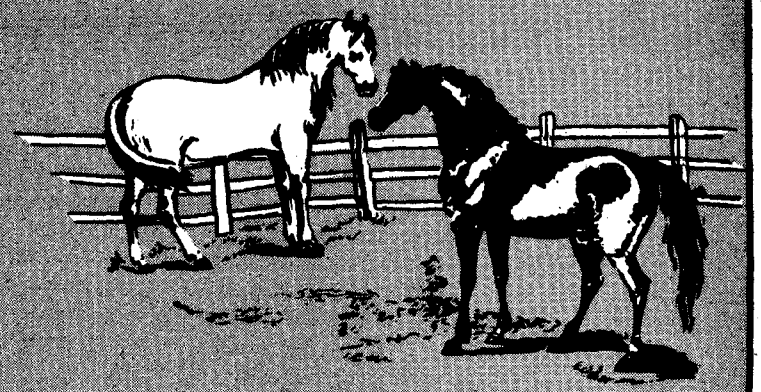
THE EDITOR'S CORRAL



I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

FRANK JAMES SURRENDERS

Frank James, the notorious outlaw, surrendered himself to Governor Crittenden of Missouri last week, in the hope of being leniently dealt with.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 14, 1882

QUITE A COME DOWN

The Flathead Indians began by asking the Government $1,000,000 for a strip of land through their reservation for the Northern Pacific Railroad, but finally agreed to take $23,000.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 14, 1882

TRAIN ROBBED IN COLORADO

A band of fifteen men captured a railroad train at Granada, Colorado, a few nights ago, and rifled the express car of $5,500, but were prevented from reaching the passengers by some sheriffs who happened to be on board.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 14, 1892

CIVIL GOVERNMENT FOR RESERVATION INDIANS

General Crook has issued instructions to the military officers in his department looking to the gradual establishment of civil government among the reservation Indians.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 21, 1882

HIGH-HANDED BUREAUCRACY

A delegation of Sac and Fox Indians from Iowa recently visited Washington to see if the Indian Commissioner would not let them draw their annuities without signing receipts, as they believed they would die if they put their names to paper. The unfeeling Commissioner informed them that the money would be withheld until every one belonging to the tribe had signed the roll.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 21, 1882

WOMEN SUFFRAGETTES MEET AT OMAHA, NEBRASKA

The American Woman's Suffrage Association held its annual meeting at Omaha, Neb., last week, sixty-eight delegates being present from twelve states and territories. It was voted to make an active campaign in Nebraska for the passage of the pending Woman Suffrage Constitutional Amendment.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
Sept. 23, 1882

PLOT TO ROB TRAIN FOILED

A plot to rob a Missouri Pacific train at Vinita, Indian Territory, last week was exposed by one of the gang, and the train hands, having armed themselves, opened fire on two of the thieves when they began operations, killing one and capturing the other.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
Sept. 23, 1882

WINNEMUCCA TAKES A SEVENTH WIFE

Winnemucca, the old Piute chief in Nevada, has taken a new wife. This is his seventh wife, and he is nearly one hundred years old.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
Sept. 23, 1882

BOB FORD REFUSED LIFE INSURANCE

When Bob Ford, the murderer of Jesse James, was in Chicago recently, he applied to several agencies for $1,000 policy on his life, and was refused in each instance.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 21, 1882

CROOK TAKES CHARGE IN ARIZONA

General Crook, who long since became famous as the "Indian Fighter" of the army, was recently placed in command of the Department of Arizona, with special reference to a settlement of the long-standing troubles with the Apaches. The way in which he has set at work to bring about this end is most interesting. The Apaches are a savage and ugly tribe, whom it has become quite the fashion to regard as utterly intractable.

The first thing that General Crook did, however, was to seek conferences with the leaders, and invite them to tell their side of the case. He found them sullen and suspicious, but when they became convinced of his sincerity, they poured forth the story of their grievances — as that their interpreters were incompetent and prejudiced, that one Government officer would tell them one thing and another something else, and so on, until they had about concluded that they might as well die fighting as in any other way.

General Crook's report leaves no doubt that he believes many of these grievances well-founded, and he advises that the Indians be treated more like human beings, while he has issued an order requiring officers to observe the strictest fidelity in their dealings with the savages. At the same time he has served notice on the Indians, that no mercy will be shown the disorderly, while every encouragement will be given those ready to be quiet and industrious. For an Indian fighter, this certainly seems an admirable peace policy.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 28, 1882

RED CLOUD AWARDED SEPARATE RESERVATION

Red Cloud and other chiefs and head men of the Pine Ridge (Dak.) Agency have unanimously agreed to separate reservation of territory.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
November 11, 1882

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NEVADA CITY CAST LARGEST BAR OF GOLD

A bar of gold was recently cast in Nevada City, California, which weighed 450 pounds, and is said to be the largest ever cast in this country.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
November 18, 1882

MONUMENT REPLACED IN LAVA BEDS

A new cross has been erected on the lava beds in Oregon to mark the spot where General Canby was killed by the Modocs, the old one having been destroyed by the elements.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
November 25, 1882

INDIANS INVADING FROM CANADA

It is reported that hostile Indians from Canada are swarming over the border into Montana, for the purpose of obtaining arms, ammunition and whiskey. Efforts have been made to prevent their obtaining these supplies, but they have proved for the most part futile, and serious trouble is feared.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
December 30, 1882

INDIAN AGENT ARRESTED

Ex-Indian Agent J.C. Tiffany, charged with embezzlement, perjury and conspiracy to defraud the Government of $6,000, was last week arrested and admitted to bail in $6,000.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 28, 1882.

WINNIPEG UP TO DATE

Winnipeg, the young metropolis of Manitoba, recently celebrated the opening of a street railway and the lighting of its main thoroughfare by electricity.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 28, 1882.

APACHES TO GOVERN THEMSELVES

General Crook, last week, held a final conference with 1,200 Apache warriors, in which he told them that they must hereafter take care of and govern themselves. Their present locality being unadapted to either farming or grazing, permission would be given them to select some lands on the reservation for cultivation, under care of the chief who will be responsible for the discipline and behavior of the respective bands.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
November 11, 1882 ●RW

MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 53)

place during the Indian wars, was unjust, the General was not to blame as he had to carry out the orders of his superiors. At any rate, there was no shooting down of prisoners, scalping of the dead, or mutilation on the bodies of the dead, as took place at Sand Creek.

Furthermore, the battles of the Little Big Horn and the Rosebud should never have taken place. According to the treaty of 1868, the Indians had absolute right to be where they were. Said General Scott, "The Indians were in their proper place." They were making meat and robes for their families. They were as far away from white people as they could get.They were not trespassers but white people were. Of course, it would have been dangerous for white people to be in that country, but they had no business to be there.

Mrs. Shulsinger mentions that Custer had many enemies. She might have added that none deserved it less. Having made an exhaustive study of Custer, I have found that in most cases his enemies hated him not because of anything he had done to them but because of what he had accomplished. They hated him because they couldn't match his brilliant military career — Brigadier General at twenty-three, Major General at twenty-five. Benteen was in this class. When he saw Custer's body on the 28 of June he was heard to remark, "There he lies, God damn him, he will never fight anybody else."

In closing let me again express my appreciation of Mrs. Shulsinger's splendid article.

Yours sincerely,
Charles B. Erlanson
805 East Eighth St.
Sheridan, Wyoming 82801

ANYONE KNOW CLINT HISH?

Gentlemen:

I am writing in hopes of locating information in regards to a man and an early car.

The car I speak of was built by my great-uncle, Franklin Phillip Hish of Tower Hill, Ill. I have an old photograph of the car and the date on the picture is 1896. This was a gasoline-operated auto. There used to exist a "little red school" text that told how my great-uncle and Henry Ford co-operated together in the building of this car. My great-aunt did not have faith in the future of the "auto" and finally forced my uncle to sell out his interest to Ford for the huge sum of $25.00. This school book has disappeared as has any future mention of my great-uncle in any other history reference with Henry Ford. The actual car was "stolen" some years later. Have any readers ever heard or come across this same information or more?

Have any readers ever come across a man by the name Clinton "Clint" Hish of Richmond, Kansas. This man was my uncle (my father's brother) and was in the true sense of the word a "cowboy". He disappeared when my father was quite young. He used to follow the rodeo shows and rode range out west in Wyoming. My father's last recollection of his eldest brother was the day he saw him last: "he rode off on horseback early one morning." If he is alive today, he would be in his mid-70's. Does anyone know him?

Thank you
Frank Hish
Box 495
Concordia, Kansas 66901

LT. or COL. SHEEHAN

Dear sir:

Like all articles in REAL WEST concerning events in Minnesota history, The Last Indian War in May, 1974 issue was especially interesting, particularly so because it presented a different angle than most previous write-ups which have come out several times.

One paragraph raises a question. It was mentioned that Deputy U.S. Marshal "Colonel" Sheehan accompanied the troops. Did he attain that rank in miliatry service, or was he merely dubbed as such?

Readers can learn a lot more about Lieut. Timothy J. Sheehan when he was in command at For Ridgely during Little Crow's attack in August, 1862.

Yours very truly,
Walter Carlson
PO Box 272,
Trimont, Minn. 56176

WANTS BACK ISSUES

Dear Sir:

I have recently subscribed to your magazine and am pleased with the number of articles on George A. Custer which you have. I have developed an intense interest in the subject in the past three years and would like to inquire into the possibility of obtaining the back issues of your publication which refer to Custer.

Also, maybe some of my fellow readers could help me out in my search for materials. Or possibly they would like to just discuss the subject.

Again, keep up the good work and keep the Custer articles coming.

Sincerely,
E. Elden Davis
663 Detroit St.
Howell, Michigan 48843 ●RW

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RATTLESNAKE DICK,
Land Pirate of the Placers

By Clarence M. Fink

Auburn, California's principal street as it appeared in the 1850's when "Rattlesnake Dick" was plying his trade of highway robbery.

Dick Barter, a young Canadian, could be rightfully dubbed the "Hard-Luck Kid" of California's northern Placer Country in the spring of 1853. Energetic and ambitious, this youthful but headstrong miner fell in love with a reptile-infested mining area known as the Rattlesnake Bar. So much so, that it was a standing joke among the older miners that this young man would sound off every Saturday night with the same old harangue and prediction to groups of bored listeners that Rattlesnake Bar would become the best known town in the Placers if given time, even though gold hunters were deserting in droves because of the scarcity of the yellow mineral.

While others quickly moved away to try other places and rivers, this proud, fresh and inexperienced hobbledehoy of mining stood hip-deep in icy river water for hours for $15 or $20 a day, then paid fantastically high prices for the food sold in the mines while dreaming of a big strike that didn't materialize. Eventually his visionary fancies of great wealth dulled somewhat, especially when a gold grubber who disliked him falsely accused Dick of stealing from a small store on the Bar.

No sooner was he acquitted of that charge than another more serious one, that of stealing a man's transportation (a mule), was brought against him by another man. It seemed that Dick's occasional overbearing attitude created needless enemies for himself. Innocent but tried and convicted for the crime, he was about to be sent down to the State Prison when the real thief was found, had confessed and the packing animal was recovered.

Further charges where filed and directed at Dick, but like the others they proved to be unfounded and faulty. This in-and-out-of-jail process had a great depressing effect on his future conduct. No matter what he did or didn't do, he wound up behind the proverbial eight ball. Dick's so-called poisonous tendencies started with a "Damned if I do! and damned if I don't!" attitude which followed him about as being the unluckiest gold hunter of the Gold Rush Days and later as a bandit of this northern area. Finally, in an effort to change his unfortunate way of living he left Rattlesnake Bar and moved to Shasta, where he spent the next two years, just barely making a living for himself.

Eventually a miner from Rattlesnake Bar who knew Dick Barter came through Shasta, recognized him and started a whispering campaign about him and his past. Having been in and out of jail at least a dozen times, Barter finally decided on a life of crime. For the next three years he settled in the hills and took what he wanted from anyone unfortunate enough to cross his path, always informing his victims that they had been robbed by "Rattlesnake Dick".

Ironically, none of his robberies or break-ins of cabins scattered throughout his territory proved really profitable, for it seemed that a fickle fate constantly nullified his best efforts at unlawful wrongdoing. At last in desperation, Dick plotted an ambitious crime of robbing $80,000 worth of bullion from the Yreka mines in the north. This scheme or caper called for securing five partners and stealing enough unbranded mules to transport the stolen gold away to a special

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hideout after the holdup. With thoroughness of good selection he gathered his forces for action. One big haul like this one and he could retire to greener pastures, he mused to himself.

Leaving four of the bandits behind to accomplish the actual robbery of the mule train itself, Dick took the other robber with him to secure the necessary mules to haul the gold after its quick transfer from the company's animals. The quartet of highwaymen executed their mission with dispatch and precision, but Rattlesnake Dick and his companion failed to appear at the appointed time. The thieves waited as long as they could, but their chief still did not show up. In desperation and with the company's mules driven away, the robbers were forced to bury what they could not carry ($40,000) and take the rest to their meeting place in the hills.

One driver from the mine payroll had slipped his ropes and informed the sheriff and his posse of the robbery which he thought was committed by Rattlesnake Dick and his gang. The outlaws were to meet on the Folsom Road below Auburn before heading for the difficult high country. Thinking that Dick was possibly there waiting, the four robbers ran into the lawmen, and three were forced to surrender while the fourth man, who knew the exact location of the buried gold, was shot and killed in the clash of the colliding forces.

The real reason for the non-appearance of Rattlesnake Dick and his partner in crime was due to the bad luck that constantly followed the brigand everywhere. Both land pirates were apprehended while attempting to steal the desirable mules and thrown into the Auburn jail, but the outlaw failed to stay confined for long, escaping back to his regular haunts. As far as it is known, the stolen buried bullion was never recovered.

This knight of the roads and trails about Auburn never quite reached the same peak of accomplishment and planning of the operation which failed with the Yreka Mines' robbery. Dick went back to penny-ante crime continuing the same small stick-up routine and breaking into houses and stores for any small change he might steal. But with it all he constantly plagued the lawmen with the many complaints against him.

Then, one night in 1859 Rattlesnake Dick and another desperado were seen and reported on the Illinoistown Road. Three deputies were dispatched to sieze the pair. At a point about a mile out of Auburn the trio of lawmen caught up with them. The two bandits fired upon them, wounding one deputy and killing another. In the exchange of gunfire the third officer saw Dick reel in his saddle, then straighten up and spur his horse down the road.

Later, the Iowa Hill Stage approaching the Junction House outside of Auburn was startled to see a corpse lying in their way. The dead man was examined and found to be Rattlesnake Dick. The robber had been shot twice through the body and once through the head. A short note crammed into his pocket read: "I die as all true Britons do!" Along with it was a letter from his family in Sweet Home, Oregon, hoping he would pray to be "Restored to the paths of rectitude, and become once again a decent, upright boy!"

Probably suffering from his painful wounds and realizing he could not live, the hard-luck California plunderer snuffed out his life with a direct and deliberate bullet through his brain. His horse was found near Grass Valley, alive but shot in the neck. The two surviving deputies, who were expert marksmen, swore that they had fired only once on that fatal night of July 11th. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCE: *Anybody's Gold* by Joseph H. Jackson, New York, 1941, and other 49'er books of that period.

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

four-petaled yellow flowers which open in the evening. It served as a food for many tribes, and they believed it gave them energy.

Feverwort (Triosteum perfoliatum) was used by many tribes to reduce fevers. A decoction was made from the coarse, leafy herb, then swallowed.

Four-O-Clock (Mirabilis oxybaphoides), which opens in the late afternoon, was used by some Indians to heal burns. They also made a dusting powder, lotion and poultice from it.

Flowering Dogwood (Cornus florida) is a small tree with snowy white flowers that was used by many Indians as a remedy for fevers and colds.

Ginseng (Panax quinquefolium) has small greenish flowers and a forked root. It was believed to have special medicinal properties, but most Indian tribes used it more as a love charm. Many Indian women used this plant, combined with others, to find their mate.

Goldenseal (Hydrastis canadensis), with its small greensih white flower and yellow root, was used as a tonic and stimulant by the Indians. It was used as an astringent and an insect repellent. It was also used as a yellow dye.

Gold Thread (Coptis trifolia) is a low growing plant with white flowers and slender yellow roots that was also called cankerroot. Many Indian tribes used this as an astringent mouthwash and for sore throats. The roots were boiled in water for this, or the stems were chewed to retard mouth sores.

Gum Plant (Grindelia squarrosa) is a plant of sticky leaves and bracts with yellow rayed-flowers that is also called gumweed or rosinweed. The Indians of northern California pounded the sappy leaves and used it for ivy poisoning. It was also believed to be a cure for asthma, bronchitis, and whooping cough, but only administered under the care of the medicine man. The Pawnees boiled the leaves and tops to make a wash which they used for saddle gall and sores on their horses.

Horsemint (Monarda punctata) was an aromatic plant used by some Indians of the Southeast to allay backaches. The fresh leaves of the plant were crushed and steeped in cold water then consumed. It was also used for fevers, chills and inflammation.

Indian Pipe (Momotropa uniflora) was a woodland plant with waxy white or pinkish flowers. The Indian medicine man knew how to mix this and use it for sore eyes and eye irritation.

Jack-In-The-Pulpit (Arisaema triphyllum) was also called Indian turnip. The roots of this plant were pounded up and used as a poultice for sore eyes. The pounded corn was used by some tribes for the treatment of muscular pains and rheumatism.

Jewelweed (Impatiens biflora), also called touch-me-not, has a yellowish flower. Some tribes applied the juice from the leaves of this plant to relieve the itch caused by any kind of ivy poisoning. It was also used to cure rashes and eczema.

Jimsonweed (Datura meteloides) was used with care among the medicine men, and usually only for ceremonial purposes. The large purplish flowers and prickly fruit were believed to have stimulating qualities.

Mullen (Verbascum thapsus) is a common pasture weed with yellow flowers, introduced from Europe. The Indians found it useful in respiratory problems. Some smoked the pulverized dried roots, while others smoked the dried leaves to relieve asthma. Some Southeastern tribes boiled the roots, added syrup, and gave it to children for coughs.

Pleurisy Root (Asclepias tuberosa) with its yellow flowers is also called the Butterfly weed. The roots were eaten raw to cure bronchial and pulmonary troubles. Some tribes chewed it and then put it into wounds. The Menomini considered this plant very important, and a compound preparation consisting of this root, ginseng, man-in-the-ground and sweet flag was considered to represent power.

Pokeweed or Pook root (Phytolacca americana) is a tall plant with small white flowers and blackish red berries. The root is poisonous. Some tribes of Virginia boiled the berries of the plant and made tea which they believed would cure rheumatism. Other tribes felt it was good for skin disease. The berries were used for staining.

Prickly Ash (Zanthoxylum americanum), an aromatic shrub or tree found in Eastern America, is sometimes called the toothache tree. Some tribes pulverized the roots and bark for curing toothaches, others used only the roots. Some western tribes used this root bark for colic and rheumatism.

Purple Cone Flower (Echinacea angustifolia), named for the purplish flower, grows in dry open woods and on the prairies. Some tribes used this as an antidote for snakebites or other venomous bites and stings. Sometimes a peice of the plant was used for toothaches or mumps. Some tribes washed their hands in a decoction of the plant to make them better able to withstand heat. It was also used to induce sweating.

Red Cedar (Juniperus virginiana) was used by boiling the fruit and leaves of the tree as a remedy for colds and coughs. It was also made into a form of tea for drinking.

Seneca Snakeroot (Polygola Senega) has a cluster of small white flowers. It received its name because the Seneca Indians used the root in a type of decoction as a remedy for coughs and colds and also for snakebites, particularly that of the rattlesnake. The leaves were used in the treatment of sore throats. Great care was taken in the amount used, as this could be poisonous.

Solomon's Seal (Polygonatum biflorum) has drooping, greenish or yellowish flowers. Many tribes made a rhizome and mixed it with cedar balm leaves or twigs. This was burned as a smudge to revive one who was unconscious.

Sweet Flag (Acorus Calamus) is a plant with blade-like leaves and tiny greensih flowers also called calamus. Some tribes used the root of the plant to cure cramps in the stomach. Only tiny quantities were used, and the measure of a dose was the length of a finger point. It cleansed the system, but too much could kill the patient. Some Dakotas would chew the root stock to a paste with which they rubbed the face to prevent excitement and not show fear in the face of an enemy. Some Northern Cree felt it was good for throat troubles.

Virginia Snakeroot (Aristolochia Serpentaria) is a root Cherokee Indians chewed and would spit it upon a snake bite. Others made a decoction of the root and took it for coughs.

Wild Ginger (Asarum canadense) is a broad-leaf plant with one brownish flower. The root was pounded and the liquid poured into the ear to cure earaches.

White Pine (Pinus strobus) was made into a poultice and used for wounds and ulcers. Some tribes used the inner bark of a young tree to treat chest pains.

Wild Bergamot (Momarda fistulosa) was used by boiling the leaves and lilac-purple flowers together to make a medicine for abdominal pains. Some of the Winnebago used it for pimples and other eruptions.

Wintergreen (Gaultheria procumbens) is a low growing plant with white or pinkish flowers also called checkerberry or teaberry. Some tribes used this as a tea, others used it to relieve rheumatism.

Witch Hazel (Hamamelis virginiana) was used by the Indians long before the white settlers arrived.

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Some Wisconsin tribes boiled the leaves and rubbed the liquid on the legs of a man who was going to take part in sports. It was also used to cure backaches by boiling a decoction of twigs. It was believed this plant had occult power, and they used the forked branches as a divining rod in search of water or gold.

Yarrow (Achillea millefolium) was a plant with white flowers used by some Indians who crushed the yarrow weed between stones then put it on wounds, cuts or bruises. Sometimes it was steeped in hot water and a wash made of it. At other times a powder for dusting was made to put on the wounds. It was also used for earaches and burns.

Yerba Santa (Eriodictyon glutinosum) was a plant used by the California Indians. The leaves were smoked and chewed like tobacco to treat asthma, or taken as a tea for colds. The leaves were rolled into balls and allowed to dry in the sun and then used as a mouthwash. At first, this left a bitter taste but was followed by a cool sweet sensation if the user took a drink of water.

This is but a partial list of the many remedies used by the American Indian. Some were native to this country and were in use when the white man arrived, others were brought by the white man but were soon adopted by the Indian. ●RW

for giving to the March of Dimes

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER

Losing Your Hair
Hair Thinning
Do You Have Dandruff
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JOHN YOUNGER

(continued from page 40)

However, it was decided that the remains should be buried in the old Yeater Cemetery located at Chalk Level and Osceola Roads. In the dead of night George McDonald and Snuffer loaded the body of John Younger into a wagon. McDonald dug the grave at an angle and buried John with his head to the northwest and his feet to the southeast. He reasoned that this would preserve the exact location of the grave. This proved to be right, for today the indention of the grave is plainly visible and unmolested. Daniels was buried in the highest point of the Osceola Cemetery.

W. J. Allen, or Captain Lull, lay at the Roscoe House suffering great agony from the wounds inflicted by John Younger. It is generally believed that he died from his wounds and his body, shipped to Chicago, was buried with full Masonic rites. However, it has been claimed that Lull did not succumb to his wounds. Dr. D.C. McNeill, a prominent surgeon during the Civil War, treated Lull with every skill at his command. It was well known that Lull may have been killed if the news leaked out that he was still alive. Dr. McNeill told Frank Nesbit, a lawyer of Osceola, that Lull was placed in the coffin, taken to Clinton, Missouri, and taken from the farm wagon and put into the baggage car. Dr. McNeill's daughter wrote a book in later years in which she strongly hinted that Captain Lull had escaped safely to Chicago.

At the time their brother was killed, Cole and Bob were in Mississippi. John had been killed in March, but it was not until June of 1874 that they learned of his death. Bob had picked up an old newspaper and read an account of the fight and the killings. They were both deeply shocked and grieved at the blunt way in which they had received the tragic news. Shortly after, both brothers set out for Boone County, Arkansas, in an effort to locate Jim, and on their arrival, he was on hand to meet them. From that time on until the unsuccessful raid on the Northfield Bank in 1876, the remaining Younger brothers were pursued and ambushed by the forces of the law at every turn.

●RW

TOM MIX

(continued from page 52)

early that following year. Then the Cavalry band fulfilled an Oklahoma City booking. Tom led it's troopers down Main Street and into the Delmar Gardens.

They performed there before sellout houses for an entire week. During this time Tom stayed at the Perrine Hotel at the corner of First and Robinson. He almost immediately fell head over heels in love with the daughter of its owner, Jewell Perrine.

Tom refused, and absolutely, to return to Guthrie with the band. He decided to stay right there in Oklahoma City. He decided to stay and ask Jewell to become his wife.

He took over the management of the Stag Bar Room, which stood just across the street from the Perrine Hotel. Nightly he moved among its patrons with a genial smile and foreboding manner. As at the Blue Bell, he kept order.

Tom may very well have been on duty the evening of January 13. At any rate, it was then, only a few blocks from the Stag, Ed O'Kelley, who had previously murdered Bob Ford in Colorado, was shot down by a young Cherokee peace officer named Joe Burnette.

As in Guthrie, Tom became a local character. His Swashbuckler - of - Honky Tonk - Row pose was perhaps best described in an article appearing in the *Daily Oklahoman* twenty-two years after his departure. Quoting from reporter Morris Moore's lines in the July 23, 1927 issue:

"Older residents of Oklahoma City remember Tom Mix as a Grand Avenue bartender, not as the thriller of Grand Avenue movie crowds of today.

"The saloon crowd remembers him as the mixer of a potent drink and the rest recall him as he looked on his ostentatious strolls down the old avenue.

"He really got the gallery that could rival his fan crowd today when he exchanged the white apron for the fanciest the Grand Avenue haberdasheries could produce.

"Mort R. Powell, assistant county attorney, got a big laugh when reading that Mix attended the recent highbrow wedding of Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque in Hollywood, arriving in a horse-drawn carriage with uniformed footmen.

"Powell recalled one experience he had with Mix when the latter was tending bar along saloon row twenty-three years ago. Powell and Mix roomed together. Powell at that time was a printer.

"They had dates with a couple of girls for Sunday afternoon. Mix dressed out in his best, went to the livery barn to get a rig. He got one of those high,two-seated carriages, and a pair of frisky, snow white steeds. The harness was black.

"Up on top sat Mix with a red ribbon tied on the buggy whip, his lady beside him. Powell and his young lady occupied the rear seat.

"Down Grand Avenue came the original 'big parade', Mix in his glory and Powell admittedly quite embarrassed. They rolled through Wheeler Park, the elite's favorite strolling ground, and up north toward the old Delmar Beer Garden.

"Mix later married the young woman, Jewell Perrine, daughter of Mrs. J. K. Perrine who only last year built the tall Perrine Building at the corner of First and Robinson.

"The movie hero of today was a hero then if heroism is gauged by his public exploits. Every Sunday morning the young bartender arose early, dressed in his riding boots, and galloped around town until time to open his saloon.

"He then wrapped a white apron around his riding habit and served drinks until church time, at which time he had to close the front door and guard the back one. Drunks were dumped in the Stag's rear lawn. Tom stood guard with a shotgun to see they didn't molest the whiskey stock.

"Powell still recalls the time Mix shot it out in movie style. Some displeased the former Guthrie football star, and he shot out the lights and pumped a few shots into the ceiling.

"After the mix-up, Mix found himself and a companion in the yard behind, his partner's face smashed in by a blow from a flying chair.

"Although big hearted, true to his friends, an amiable companion of all men and quite the attraction of women, Mix was anything but the puritan pure knight seen today on movie screens. But he was full of prowess as a hard drinker, hard rider, hard fighter, and wearer of the best clothes in town. Or at least so when not behind a dirty apron of the bar.

"So indeed Tom remained very much the showman in early-day Oklahoma City."

But years would pass before the heights of fame were reached. That following year Tom found himself

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being contacted by private industrialists. They were attempting to build a cement plant in the Kansas wilds and were encountering problems. They knew he had restored order to bawdy houses. Could he do as much in their labor camps?

He agreed to try, and thus began his career as free-lance peace officer. During the years to follow, he enforced the law in boom camps in four states. He also served briefly as marshal of Dewey, Oklahoma and was commissioned a state enforcement officer.

During lulls in such work Tom always returned to bartending. He worked for a time in George Yowell's saloon in Lamar, Colorado and was later a bouncer in a similar establishment on Cripple Creek.

The law enforcement activity became part of his legend. But he kept well hidden his past as a bartender. In his many movies he never so much as entered a saloon. Not unless he was going behind the bat wings to get an outlaw enemy. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:
Guthrie *Daily Leader*, Sept. 30, 1935;
Bartlesville *Daily Examiner*, Oct. 13, 1940;
Tom Mix Army records; and contemporary newspapers.

160 ACRES

(continued from page 29)

Cottonwood and pine trees, bitterroot and prickly pear.
To the land of alfalfa,
Sapphire and gold.
Take me back to old Montana
Let me die there when I'm old.

Those early times were what some of us Old-Timers call "The Good Old Days," probably not because we'd like to stop progress and go backward — or that we actually think they were better than now. They weren't. They were hard times, real hard times.

It's just that they were the days of our youth: when our appetites and our senses were sharper to savor the goodness of the home-smoked hams, boiled coffee, wood smoke and fresh-turned earth in the spring. There was a lot more room to move around — less restrictions — and neighbors and friends were closer. They had to be. They needed each other. ●RW

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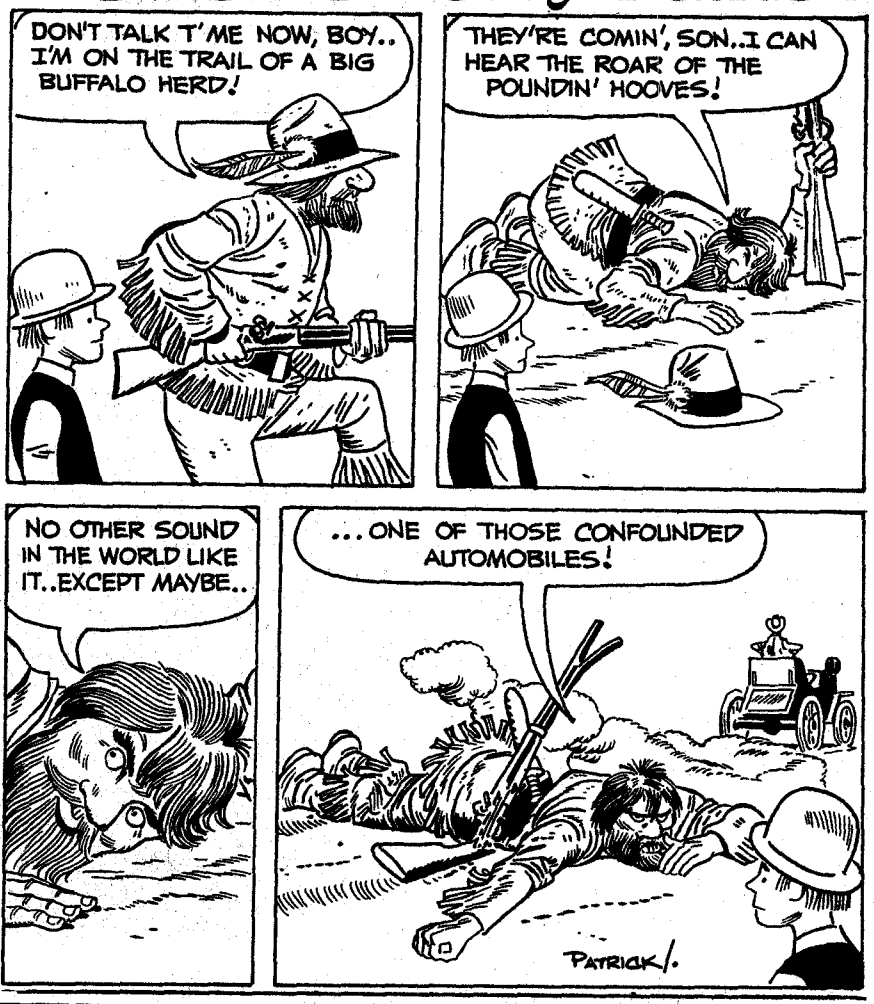
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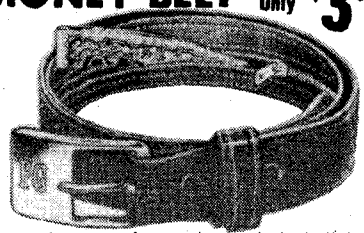

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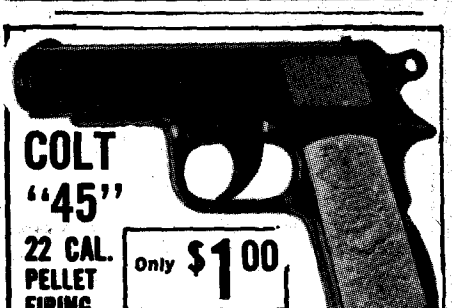

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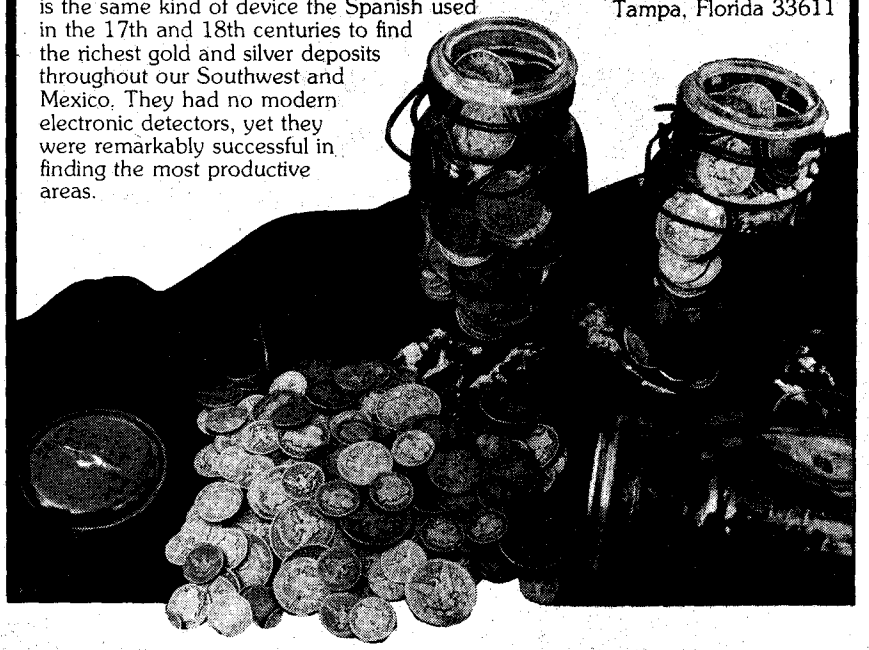

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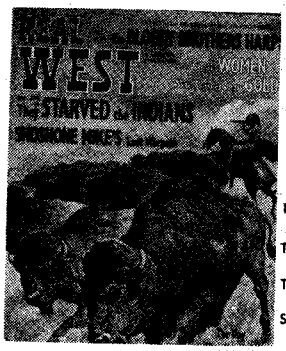

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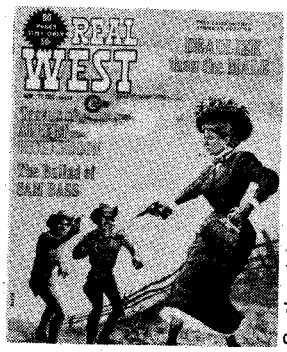

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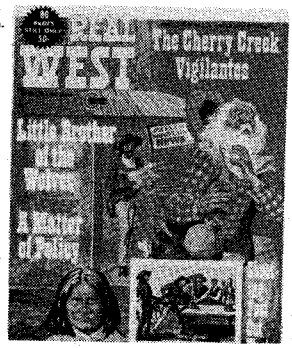

DEC.73

- The Cherry Creek Vigilantes
- Little Brother of the Wolves
- A Matter of Policy
- Shooting Pool out West

JAN.74

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- Who Was Calamity Jane
- Clay Allison Laughing Killer
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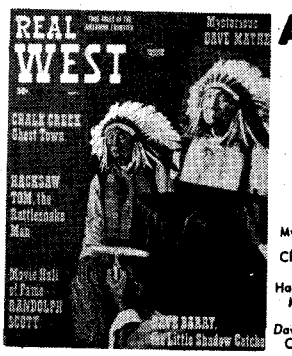

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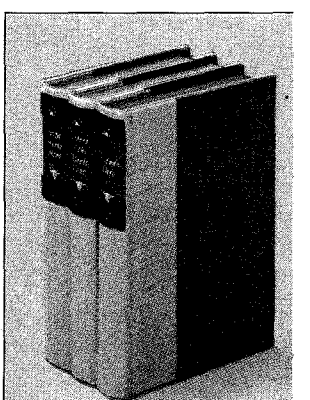

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